The Outlook

FEBRUARY 23, 1921

UNIV. OF CALIF.

"MURDER IS MURDER," EVEN IN IRELAND

CARDINAL LOGUE, the venerable Roman Catholic Primate of All Ireland, did a service to his Church, as well as to the Irish people, when he had the courage in his Lenten pastoral letter to denounce as criminal all acts of violence by whomsoever committed. Thus he said that "the lying in wait and shooting of policemen or soldiers is not an act of warfare, but plain murder, and will entail punishment for murder here, and, if not repented and atoned for, terrible punishment hereafter. No reason adduced nor any end, however noble, could justify it."

There never has been any question that most Catholics in the south of Ireland are Sinn Feiners and advocates of an Irish Republic; most priests also sympathize with this view; and it has been generally charged that the Church sympathizes with resistance to English rule. It is encouraging, therefore, to find high authority in the Church thus discriminating between political sympathy and murderous violence. Naturally, Cardinal Logue denounced with equal vehemence all lawless acts in the nature of reprisals, and declared such acts, when countenanced officially, to be nothing but wanton oppression, injustice, and sometimes sacrilege and slaughter.

Bishop Cohalan, of Cork, in his Lenten pastoral, even went so far as to say that the so-called Irish Republic could not, at present at least, be regarded by the Church as legally constituted.

Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, took the same occasion to tell his London flock that they must not become implicated by sympathy or co-operation in conspiracy against Church or State, which had been declared by the Pope to be a sin.

Still another Irish ecclesiastic, Archbishop Harty, denounced lawless violence and urged his people not "to compete with others in acts of barbarism."

Nevertheless the news every day continues to report from many Irish towns and villages ambushments and outrages directed against the police force. A moving and fair-minded account of the wretched and almost unbelievable condition of affairs in Ireland is drawn by Mrs. Maude Radford Warren in a recent article in the "Saturday Evening Post," which presents with sympathy the suffering of the families of those killed on both sides of the guerrilla warfare that flares up here and there in Ireland to-day.

SERBIA APPEALS TO AMERICA

BISHOP NIKOLAI VELIMIROVIC, of Serbia, is visiting this country. As orator, writer, and theologian he stands pre-eminent among his countrymen.

He is the son of a Serbian peasant. He was educated in the schools of his country and at the University of Belgrade. Later he studied in the universities of Switzerland, England, Germany, and Russia. He holds the honorary degree of D.D. from the Universities of Oxford and Glasgow.

He is Bishop of Okhrida, near the Albanian border, and is a popular and beloved leader of the Serbian Orthodox Church. Last summer an American accompanied him on a journey into the mountains, where he was to preach in a remote village church. They found the roads lined for twenty-five miles with men, women, and children, who had journeyed far on foot to greet him, and in the mountain church the densely packed people had been standing all through the night.

Bishop Nikolai, as he is familiarly called, has come to this country to preach the doctrine of Christian unity—that unity which during the war enabled men of different races and creeds to stand shoulder to shoulder in defense of the same ideals. Europe looks to America, he says, both for spiritual and material aid—for spiritual leadership, first of all, without which a ruined world cannot be rebuilt. This message he has already delivered in some of our great churches.

As to material aid, recent developments show that Serbia still needs help. It may be given either through the Serbian Aid Fund, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, or through the Serbian Child Welfare Association, 7 West Eighth Street, New York City. The statement has been made that Serbia and Rumania are now able to grow food enough for their populations. So they are, but the poor people have not money enough to purchase the food. The price is very high because Serbia and Rumania have no other commodity of exchange than the food which they produce. The Serbian organizations are endeavoring to increase the agricultural output, especially of the small farms and home gardens, as a means to enable the poorer classes to feed themselves. Pending that

(C) Underwood

CARDINAL LOGUE (CENTER)

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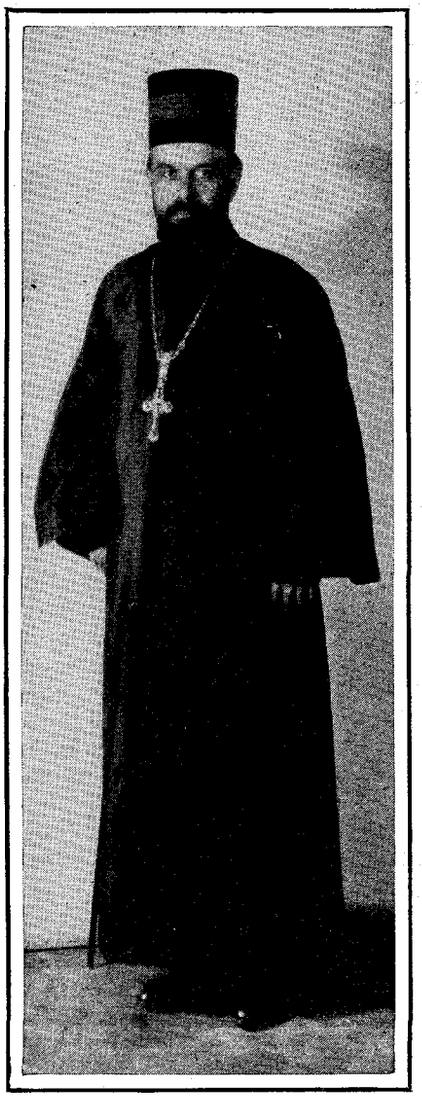

BISHOP NIKOLAI VELIMIROVIC

happy time the need for allowances of money with which to purchase food is as great as it ever was. The general condition of the poor people, indeed, gets worse instead of better, because during the first year after the armistice a large number of European relief organizations provided food, money, and clothing for the destitute members of the populations; these organizations have now had to withdraw, owing to the lack of funds from their own countries.

HERBERT HOOVER ON INDUSTRIAL WASTE

HERBERT HOOVER, as President of the American Engineering Council of the Federated American Engineering Societies, has launched a movement for the elimination of waste in American industries which has promise of being of far-reaching importance. In an address before a convention of engineers at Syracuse on February 14 he outlined the scope of the work which he has in mind.

He declared that, among other things, the waste in our production is measured by the amount of unemployment, the time lost because of labor conflict and labor turnover, and the failure to secure maximum production from individuals due to lack of personal interest or assignment to work for which they are unfitted. Other gross wastes, Mr. Hoover declared, were due to the lack of coordination in great industries, failures in transportation and in coal and power supply. Lack of standardization, speculation, and mismanagement are likewise contributing causes to inefficiency.

Mr. Hoover stated as his belief that no nation can over-produce if its productive powers are directed into the proper channels, and that with the proper adjustment every increase in production would mean a directly improved standard of living.

Mr. Hoover proposes, through the agency of American engineers, to conduct a survey of American industrial conditions which will provide the country with authoritative information upon which to base a campaign by which a large amount of industrial waste can be eliminated. This survey will cover certain key industries and will attempt to discover standards towards which these industries can intelligently and understandingly move.

It is no small task which Mr. Hoover has undertaken. But that he should institute such a campaign affords the country a hopeful sign for the future and an indication that American industry is increasingly aware of its responsibility to itself and to the Nation.

MEDICINE WITH A KICK

PEOPLE who take patent medicine for their health's sake are not over-intelligent; people who take patent medicine to get an alcoholic joy ride may be sharp-witted but show mighty poor taste. That the enormous increase in patent medicines having a high percentage of alcohol content has nothing to do with the popular thirst in prohibition times is impossible to believe. A study of "non-beverage" patent medicines that are obviously used as beverages has lately been made by the New York "Herald." One of these concoctions, which are variously called tonics, extracts, or wines, has forty-two per cent of alcohol, several have twenty-five per cent, and many have twenty per cent. The medical value of these liquid fakes is practically nil.

A campaign against this sort of thing is being carried on, not only by prohibition enforcement agents, but by the leading respectable drug associations, who find that these piratical booze distributers have been flooding the country with hair tonics, perfumes, and elixirs. Last year, we are told, the enormous quantity of thirty-nine million gallons of grain alcohol was used for such patent preparations, an increase of over three hundred per cent as compared with the amount used before the war. It is true that the law requires that alcohol used in this way must be so treated or medicated as to make it impossible to use as a beverage; but the ingenious manufacturers have found formulas that comply with the law and still satisfy the not very delicate stomachs of the "booze hounds." The result has been that during the last calendar year about five thousand permits were issued for the manufacture of patent medicines and toilet preparations having a high percentage of alcohol, whereas before prohibition there were about two hundred firms in the business.

One is almost tempted to wish that the people who buy this sort of stuff might be allowed to drink themselves to death with it. As this is hardly practical, however, we can only wish success and power to the efforts of the makers of honest and decent preparations containing alcohol to get the laws applied more strictly, and to drive this sickening and illicit business out of existence.

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

THERE was acid in the ink that flowed from the pen of James Gibbons Huneker, and it bit into every subject over which it ran. His mind was brilliant and active, even though at times it seemed undisciplined. He so much enjoyed the emotion of playing with ideas that sometimes it seemed as if he was indifferent to the essential value of the ideas themselves that he played with. In his autobiography, recently published, and reviewed in The Outlook last November, he called himself a steeplejack who had "climbed to the very top of many steeples the world over, and dreamed like the rest of my fellow-beings the dreams that accompany the promenade of pure blood through young arteries. . . ."

How much he contributed to enduring American literature and how much he contributed to sound and discerning criticism of art cannot for some time be known; but that he stimulated reading and thinking about art and had in this way a wholesome and energizing influence on his own generation cannot be questioned. Though the debt of the future to him is uncertain, there is no uncertainty about the debt of his contemporaries. If he did not always succeed in enabling his reader to think straight about music and other arts, he perhaps did as great a service by quickening their dreams of art and giving

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them encouragement in starting out on adventures of reflection.

His death on February 9 evoked from his fellow-critics and the artists whose work he had criticised expressions of genuine grief. This was surely not because of his suavity. He never hesitated to exercise his wit in his criticisms; but he had the gift of mixing his fault-finding with such mental stimulant as to give enjoyment even to his victims.

He was barely sixty-one when he died. He was a native of Philadelphia, and early began his study of music with his study of law. For ten years he was a teacher of the piano, which he had studied in Paris. It was at thirty years of age that he began his regular and thereafter continuous career as a critic of the arts, chiefly music and the drama. The newspapers with which he was associated as a critic included the old New York "Recorder" and the "Morning Advertiser," the "Sun," the "Times," the Philadelphia "Press," and the New York "World." Among his books are "Melomaniacs," "Chopin, the Man and His Music," "Franz Liszt," "Overtones," "Ivory Apes and Peacocks."

THE SILK SHOW

One of the most effective methods of teaching certain subjects is by using objects and processes instead of descriptions. This is recognized in schools and colleges. But we are learning too that education does not end with school or college days, and that one of the most effective methods of carrying on education into maturity is by means of expositions and shows.

It is a mistake to think that such an exposition as the Silk Show that was recently held at the Grand Central Palace in New York City is a mere method of stimulating trade and concentrating publicity. Of course there are valuable commercial advantages in getting representatives of an industry together and enabling prospective buyers to see a broad and general display of its products. That, however, is by no means the only function of such an exposition. At the Silk Show, for example, there were many children. How they ever could see what was displayed there it is hard to imagine, for the crowds were so great that even a fairly tall adult had to exercise ingenuity and muscular force to see the more interesting exhibits. The children evidently did succeed, as children have a way of doing. They wormed under people's arms and found places pretty well toward the front. Weeks of schoolroom dissertation on the silkworm and on China and on machinery could not have the educative value of even a few minutes in front of the Italian and Chinese women who were engaged side by side in the processes of reeling the silk from the cocoons, and no amount of exhortation would take the place of the value derived from watching a hand loom (there was only one, we believe, at the show) weaving from silk soft and rich textiles.

And even a cursory examination of the exhibits as a whole had the value of impressing upon the observer the magnitude of this one industry. To some perhaps it will lead to the reflection that modern industry is international. The presence of Japanese and Chinese in this American exhibit indicated how far-reaching are these threads of silk and how greatly our industrial life would suffer if those threads were ever severed by hostilities. Modern industry has its sordid but also its romantic aspects; and those who have insight may discover that it is developing processes of education not only in mechanics but also in human relations.

BARRETT WENDELL

Universities have at least a threefold function. As repositories of learning they store the knowledge of past generations and render it available for generations to come. As laboratories of the arts and sciences they afford facilities for research. And as schools they provide men and means for the education of youth. Few men attain distinction in more than one of these functions. A man may be a distinguished curator, or a distinguished investigator, or a distinguished teacher; but the very qualities which enable him to become expert in one of these functions seem generally to be obstacles in the way to the mastery of the others. Compelled thus to choose between these functions, men who looked toward a university career seem to be drawn by the hope of reward away from the teaching function. University honors are more likely to go to the curator and the investigator than to the teacher.

The man, therefore, who chooses the career of the teacher, renouncing the special opportunities for scholastic honors that are more likely to go to the scholar, and who succeeds in his career by teaching greatly, is deserving of special public recognition.

It was probably because Barrett Wendell, who died on February 8, was chiefly a teacher, not a curator or investigator, that such scholastic honors as came to him reached him late in life. It was not until within four years of his retirement from active service as a teacher that he was made a Doctor of Letters by Columbia, and not until after his retirement that he received his doctorate from his own university, Harvard. And such honors as came to him were a recognition probably of his writings rather than his teaching. Early in his life—when he was about thirty—he attempted two

Paul Thompson

A SILK BRIDAL GOWN AS DISPLAYED AT THE SILK SHOW

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novels. Later he turned his attention to essays and to the history of literature. His books in these two fields have never attained a great vogue, though they are the utterances of an interesting mind that could express itself in an interesting way. What he will be remembered for is his great contribution to the science and art of teaching English. Of all his books, therefore, the one which most closely represents his service to his generation and which has contributed most to his reputation is his book on "English Composition." Since it was published teachers of the subject and writers upon it have been his debtors. It would be difficult to name any other single book in any department of teaching which has had so wide and direct an influence.

Barrett Wendell himself was a debtor to his predecessor in the English Department at Harvard, Professor A. S. Hill, whose "Rhetoric" students of English a generation ago have good reason to remember. The principles of teaching English, however, which Professor Hill enunciated Barrett Wendell humanized and made understandable and interesting to thousands who found the old rhetoric dry.

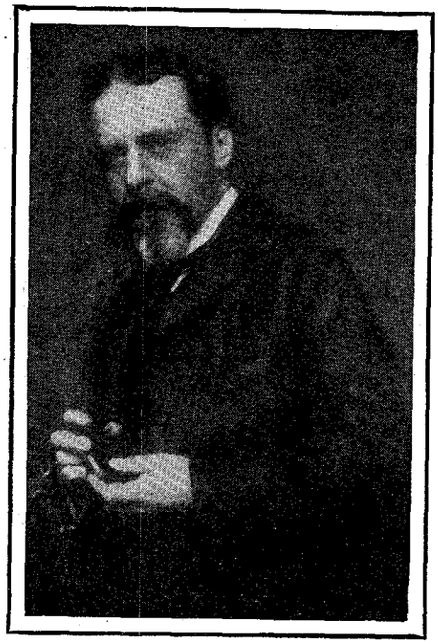
It particularly was in his personal teaching, in the pains that he took with individual students, in his remarkable ability to discern the causes of the trouble that the individual student had in his attempts to write clear and forcible English, and supremely in his power to impart to the student who was willing to receive it the art of self-criticism, that Barrett Wendell showed his greatness as a teacher. There were many students in his courses that did not like him; for they considered his mannerisms affected, and they resented some of his quips and his comments on men and manners. But many of the students in his classes will always hold him in honor; for they know that they owe to him some of the ability they have to discriminate between the real and the sham, and such command as they have over their native tongue.

THE CHINA FAMINE FUND

REPEATED, almost continuous, responses to appeals for sympathy, like other long continued effort, results in numbness. It is harder to respond now than it was when Belgium was first invaded. And it is harder still to respond when the objects of sympathy are in far-off China. Yet Americans are never slow to respond when they know the need is great, and when they can visualize that need.

Now millions in China are "under the sway of hunger."

Readers of the two articles in this issue on the famine in China who are moved to help relieve the situation there described may send their contributions to *Treasurer, American Committee, China Famine Fund,* Bible House, New York City.



BARRETT WENDELL

AN UNNECESSARY WAR

THE clothing industry in New York City employs thousands of men and women and affects directly the lives of millions of Americans. As that city is the most important center of the manufacture of clothing in the country, the health of that industry in New York determines in a measure the cost of clothing throughout the United States. A war between the labor and capital of the trade in New York City is a matter of National concern.

At present these two forces are at war, and the story of the beginning of this war does not make pleasant reading for those who hope for improved conditions in American industry. It will be remembered that the clothing business in New York City was originally built up upon a basis of cutthroat competition and of oppressed sweat-shop labor. The combination of the employees in labor unions did away with the worst of the oppression, and the recognition of these unions by the employers and the creation of trade agreements for the settlement of all disputes brought a measure of peace and greatly increased prosperity to both factions. The industry was highly organized upon a very similar basis to that which now obtains in Chicago and Rochester. An account of the "Industrial Government in Rochester," by Paul Blanshard, is to be found on page 300 of this issue of The Outlook.

Unfortunately for the industry in New York, the era of high prices which accompanied the war aroused the cupidity of employers and employees alike. Both elements when the supply of labor fell below the demand began to violate their trade agreements. Employers stole help from each other, and individual laborers took advantage of the situation to ask for continual increases in pay. The union was put in the embarrassing position of forcing some of its members to accept jobs paying less than the labor market offered. This process naturally resulted in raising the cost of manufacturing clothing in the New York district. With the war-time prosperity over, both factions began to search out a method by which a return to normal conditions might be brought about and the New York clothing industry placed on a basis from which it could compete efficiently and fairly with the industry in other centers.

According to the former impartial chairman of the industry in New York City, negotiations to this end were proceeding with a fair hope of a favorable outcome when a certain element among the manufacturers, unrepresentative of the trade in general, so manipulated the internal politics of the industry that the whole machinery of industrial adjustment was scrapped and open war declared upon the unions. The labor managers charge that the duplicity of a few manufacturers has been the cause of wrecking a promising experiment in applying modern principles of readjustment to a key industry.

The former impartial chairman of the industry, displaced when the agreements were abolished, points out that the public has a duty in the present situation:

> It should insist on a thorough airing of the facts, the expulsion from the situation of the agitators . . . and the group who brought on the strike. It should see to it that negotiations are resumed on the basis of the original issue of decreasing labor costs. This can easily be brought about if the authorities and the newspapers, the official and recognized representatives of the public, . . . will bring the pressure of public opinion to bear on both parties to take this action.
>
> Without such pressure the employers who were unwillingly led into the conflict cannot be expected to oust . . . the group who are misleading them. As long as the strike is on they feel in honor bound to back up their leaders. Once the facts are brought to light, however, as to the methods by which these leaders have obtained control of the employers' association, and the responsibility is clearly fixed on the guilty parties, then the employers will get rid of the agitators, settle their dispute peacefully with the union of their employees, and relieve the community of

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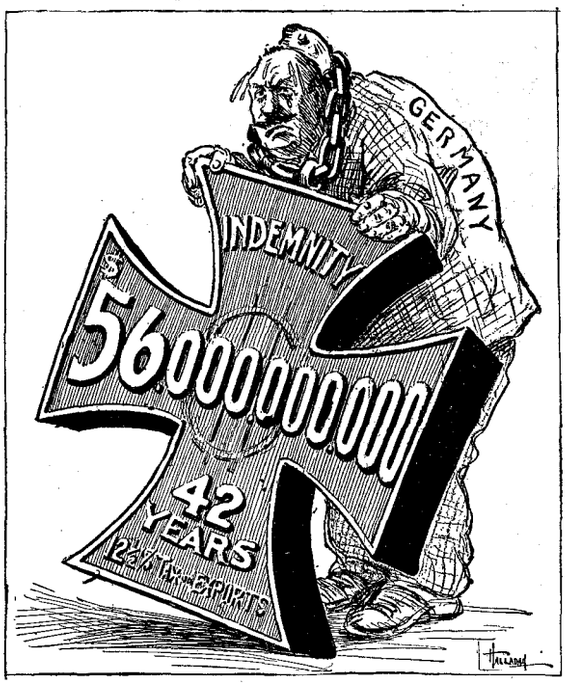
AFTER THE DANCE, THE PIPER

CARTOONS AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Halladay in the Providence Journal



THE REAL IRON CROSS

From Miss M. L. Gladding, Providence, R. I.

Ball in the Cincinnati Times-Star

A LONG ROAD

From M. H. Bowerman, Stearns, Ky.

Clubb in the Rochester Herald

ACH, HIMMEL! HOW CAN I MAKE DER MUSIC COME OUDT?
CLOSED ALLIED MARKETS TO GERMAN GOODS
GERMAN INDUSTRIES
$ 56,000,000,000 REPARATION QUICKSTEP
GERMANY
ALLIES

MUFFLED

From C. E. Auchampaugh, Pultneyville, N. Y.

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune

A PATHETIC PICTURE—BUT THE BACKGROUND RUINS IT

From Thomas R. Beman, Chicago, Ill.

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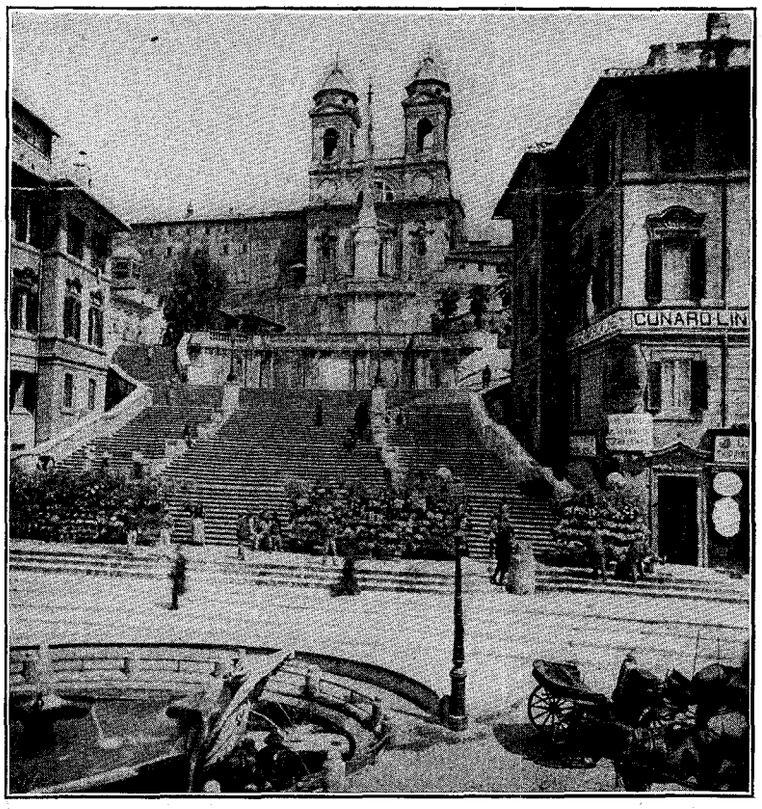

THE KEATS CENTENARY

Keats died in the house at the right, in a room overlooking the Spanish Steps (la Scala di Spagna), at Rome

disorder and violence and the consumers of clothing of the burden of a costly and unnecessary strike.

The New York press in general has not lived up to the hopes of the former impartial chairman. Failure to present the facts of the situation to the public can lead only to the strengthening of the radical and reactionary elements in the industry. It is a strange evaluation of news which leads an editor to give front-page space to the fact that Mr. Harding found somebody's glasses on a golf course, while at the same time the same editor ignores entirely the situation in the clothing trade of New York City!

THE KEATS CENTENARY

IT was a hundred years ago, the 23d of February, that John Keats died in the house that is pictured on this page. Both in England and America his service to the world of beauty and of art will find formal memorials and official homage. Both Americans and Britons are uniting in a movement to preserve the house where he lived at Hampstead in the years immediately preceding his death and in the garden of which still stands the plum tree under which he wrote the "Ode to a Nightingale."

It is not in such movements as this, however, that the best memorial of any poet is to be found. Fortunate among artists is the poet, for he needs neither stone nor interpreter to keep his memory green. His art is as universal and eternal as the aspiration to enjoy it. Sculptor and painter touch only the limited few who can see and understand the direct creations of their genius. The orator and the singer pass with the generation which stirred to the sound of their voices. The composer and the dramatist must leave to others the interpretation and presentation of the substance of their dreams.

The world is richer, not because John Keats lived and died, but because he still lives wherever English speech is known.

IN THE NAME OF CHARITY

"I CAN remember that, even as a child," the Young-Old Philosopher was saying, "how curious it used to seem to me to go to a Sunday-school entertainment given for the heathen, and pay ten cents for a dish of ice-cream, satisfy my little inner man—overeat, in fact—and realize that perhaps only two cents went for the benefit of my unseen and unknown brethren.

"My sense of humor was keen even at that early age; and I could not reconcile the two things. Not that I was one of those precocious little children—Heaven forbid! But I did see over and beyond the immediate event, though a child, and it rather hurt me to know that most of us would never have given a penny but for the dish of ice-cream—often three and four dishes!

"Grown older, I see that so much giving is based on that principle. We hear of some need in the world; and immediately a bazaar or a fête or a picnic is planned, in the high name of goodness and charity. We seldom give unless we get something in return; and it is of little consequence whether that something is ice-cream and cake or a fancy-dress ball.

"I was struck with this the other evening when I learned of a fête given at a great hotel for the benefit of the orphans of the Great War. One woman went in a magnificent costume that cost upward of ten thousand dollars—and ten dollars from her purse went to the orphans! No, less than that; for there were certain necessary expenses connected with the enterprise. Another wore a priceless comb in her hair that she had purchased expressly for this affair; and there were numerous gay dinner parties arranged with special care before the real dance began in a room hung with crystal and silver and gold. I could not help wondering, as I read, what the poor, desolate orphans would have thought of such a spectacle given in their honor had they been privileged (?) to be present. Their pitiful, stricken faces—I wonder if any one at that bacchanalian feast gave one thought to them? There was much jazz and tumult and laughter and drinking. It was like that Victory Dance of which Alfred Noyes wrote so powerfully a few months ago. He told how

> The cymbals crash
> And the dancers walk
> In long white stockings
> And arms of chalk,

and went on to give a picture of the shadows of the dead men, 'watching 'em there!'

"My point is: Why should we misuse the holy name of charity in these revels? Why not give our bit to the poor and the destitute and the suffering, and not arrange these monstrous 'entertainments' that are a disgrace to the high cause in which they are given? If the World War has taught us no lessons; if, as happened at the fête above alluded to, the prizes for the best costumes worn were given to alleged 'society' persons instead of to a couple of dressmakers who were justly entitled to them, let us cease talking about democracy and hide our heads in shame that such things can be.

"Have we forgotten so soon? This is our fault as a nation: that we think we will never forget. Then, like conva-

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lescents, the danger passed, we rush out and do exactly the things we know we should never do. I have spoken to several men and women who were at this fête; but they merely smiled. I could not make even a dent in their spiritual consciousness. Yet I know that they must think now and then. Only, of what do they think? I wonder!"

SHALL THE BRITISH EMPIRE BECOME A UNITED STATES?

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

LONDON is now preparing for the Imperial Conference, held there every five years, and only abandoned in 1916 because of the war. This Conference will touch the interests of the United States at many points, and I may explain, therefore, what it is and how it originated.

In the year 1884 British imperialism, which culminated in Kipling, was still a courtly and Tennysonian sentiment, and a League for Imperial Federation was started. Three years later Queen Victoria held her first Jubilee, and a consciousness of Empire was stimulated. The Prime Ministers of the Dominions, attending the festivities, also met for business; and the Conference, so inaugurated, was resumed in 1894, seven years later, at Ottawa. When the aged Queen held her Diamond Jubilee, in 1897, the Prime Ministers of the Dominions again, for a third time, conferred in London, under the forceful chairmanship of Joseph Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary. Imperial federation was, however, set on one side as impracticable, mere distance preventing the effective attendance of overseas representatives in an imperialized Parliament at Westminster. It was decided, for the present, to hold Conferences of Dominion Ministers at about five-year intervals, and in 1902, 1907, and 1911 such meetings undoubtedly prepared the way for immediate cooperation by the Dominions and Britain, when war broke out in 1914. Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for preferential tariffs within the Empire was resisted by the Liberal and Labor parties and came to nothing.

The British Empire includes about 440,000,000 people, or more than one-quarter of the human race. But, as General Smuts observes, it has ceased, while thus expanding, to be an Empire, and has become an alliance of widely diverse states—some essentially republican, others monarchist; some barbaric, others civilized; some of the East, and others of the West. The Conference, now to assemble, is thus really a league of nations, often of very differing aims and degrees of loyalty. The discussions will furnish material for much prophecy on the question whether, as time passes, the confederation will hold together or disintegrate.

Contrary to what is often supposed in the United States, the British Parliament imposes no taxation on the Dominions, nor indeed on India and the Crown Colonies, each of which territorial units has its own distinct Budget. From this it follows that financial questions, like those which lost the American colonies to England, do not arise at the Conference. The Dominions are, however, much concerned over their status as sovereign countries and over their foreign relations, on which topics a word or two may be timely.

The Imperial Parliament, sitting at Westminster and elected wholly by voters within the United Kingdom, has never surrendered its prerogative to legislate for the whole British Empire. It is a prerogative actually convenient for the Dominions, for it was the Imperial Parliament that gave to Australia, South Africa, and Canada the admirable Constitutions under which these countries have achieved first their unity and then nationhood. But with each Dominion or Commonwealth, now peacefully governed by a Parliament of its own, any attempt from London to legislate on domestic issues in a Dominion, or on any issue affecting the Dominion, except as the Dominion consents, would lead at once to a crisis, and, in the opinion of Mr. Newton Rowell, the representative of Canada on the League of Nations, to a revolution. The suzerainty of the Imperial Parliament continues, therefore, only as a characteristic English device, whereby things can be done for the Empire which everybody wants done; but on no part of the self-governing Empire can there be compulsion. If, then, a bill for Canada is passed at Westminster, it is because Canada has thus made petition.

You ask why the Dominions do not simplify their status by "cutting the painter" and assuming independence. In South Africa elections are in prospect on this very issue, and if General Smuts were defeated by the combination of Labor and Dutch Nationalists, which so nearly defeated General Botha, the position might become highly interesting.[1] The reason for the British connection is not, as some imagine, sentimental. At Geneva the Dominions found that they could speak with an authority even in opposition to Britain, which amazed independent countries of similar wealth and population. Within the Empire the Dominions are among the Great Powers. But outside the Empire they are as yet only among the smaller Powers. They know that England makes mistakes, suffers for them, and is at the moment hard hit, but they also know that for any nation England's friendship is still an asset.

Full sovereignty within the Empire is none the less a little difficult to define. Mr. Newton Rowell says that the Dominions now enjoy an equal sovereign status with Britain, only with the same sovereign. A parallel would be Austria and Hungary during the Dual Monarchy or Hanover and England under the Georges. The Conference will have to decide whether this phrase—equal sovereign status—is to be translated into facts, and I will show what the facts would be. Hitherto the Dominions have dealt with London through the Colonial Office. In other words, they are assigned to the department which also "governs" Sierra Leone. To ease matters, the Colonial Office, by means of glass partitions, as it were, subdivided itself into slightly separate departments for Dominions and Crown Colonies; but the Dominions want now to deal with an authority on a level with their own—a separate Dominions Office in London, or the Privy Council, or the Prime Minister himself. They think that in Conference no one less than a Prime Minister should preside over Prime Ministers, and they are restive over the appointment of Mr. Churchill to be Colonial Secretary partly because they fear his vigorous initiative and partly because they desire no rehabilitation of his office in Downing Street.

Some Canadians are also agitated over the appeal which can still be made from the Dominion courts to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London, which there corresponds, roughly, to the Supreme Court of the United States. In many cases this appeal gives an advantage to litigious wealth, while it reflects on the competence of Canadian tribunals. On the other hand, the Law Lords, sitting in London, include the best brains of the Empire. Their judgments are admittedly great and final verdicts on the Constitution. They despatch their business without vexatious delays and with a deep sense of responsibility. On large issues, affecting provinces and municipalities and railways, there are obvious advantages in such detached arbitration, and even in the United States legal opinion takes into account whatever English precedents there may be for a point in question.

Canada is much exercised also over the pending appointment of her Governor-General, whom she now regards as a kind of Ambassador from England, with no more power of veto over the Parliament at Ottawa than King George

[1] Since this was written General Smuts won an impressive victory, a sign that South Africa does not want to "cut the painter."—The Editors.

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has, in practice, over the Parliament at Westminster. Hitherto the Governor-General has been recommended to the King by the British Government, his constitutional advisers. Canada now insists that her own Government also must be "consulted," and she has turned down several names, including that of the Earl of Athlone, brother to Queen Mary. From "consultation" to actual "recommendation" is but a short step, and some Canadians appear to be determined to secure the right of direct access to the throne, whatever be the "advice" of British Ministers. This means that the King would be separately "advised" by each self-governing Dominion, a form of multi-monarchy, to be watched with sympathy!

Finally, the Dominions are faced for the first time by foreign relations of their own. For Australia the one international question is Asiatic immigration, whether from India or Japan, and what Australia asks of British diplomacy is an agreement with the United States in the Pacific. Such an agreement, already a fact in all but a formal sense, is desired by Canada, but the British Foreign Office has also to consider India and Japan. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance contains a reservation which excludes the possibility of conflict between Britain and the United States, but, even so, it is embodied in a Treaty the renewal of which would inevitably alienate the Dominions. Canada and Australia—especially the former—have both asserted the right, if necessity should arise, of accrediting their own Ministers to the United States Government at Washington, and seventy-five per cent of the business transacted by the British Embassy in Connecticut Avenue is Canadian. Britain has so frankly conceded these claims, including, as they do, separate consulates or trade representation, that Canada, having gained her point in theory without a struggle, asks herself why she should spend money on diplomatists, who will do her work no better, after all, than it is done to-day, and may have to do it, in the long run, under less favorable conditions. Still, there was some trouble lately over the Dominion's right to conclude with France a separate treaty about wines, and if the St. Lawrence were canalized or Niagara developed further, one can imagine very close negotiations proceeding between the United States directly and her northern neighbor.

Having fought in the war and lost both men and money in the Allied cause, the Dominions are looking at the future with new eyes, and the Conference now pending must be regarded, therefore, as a momentous landmark in the history of nations.

P. W. Wilson.

American Office of
the London "Daily News,"
New York.

THE MOVIES

SMALL TOWNS AND SMALL FOLK

MR. PULSIFER has given us his pronouncement on the movies. Mr. Fuessle has replied.

Each has presented the matter from his own angle. Now may we look at the matter from the standpoint of a mother, or of many mothers, with children of school age?

Let us look first at Mr. Pulsifer's angle. I take his criticism to mean this: That the movie trade, invention, profession, whatever it is called, has had the most glorious opportunity given to it that the world has ever known and that it has wasted that opportunity; thrown it away with both hands.

Mr. Fuessle replies from the producer's angle, the money-making angle, and proves that, so judged, the movies are a success. What do the mothers think?

If you have retired to the country to raise your family and live near a small town, you will find that the movies loom larger than you ever dreamed they could. If you try to put a ban on them, you place them at once in the category of forbidden sweets, than which there is nothing sweeter. So you take the middle course and watch the announcements and go when the play is one of a story you know or when the star is one whom it is safe to trust. What happens? Before the real play begins you are treated, or maltreated, to some hideous farce of the slap-stick variety with sometimes questionable morals or at least containing examples of great vulgarity. The idea of humor is so warped that it nearly splits into splinters. A great many explosions, tumbling from windows, loss of clothing, exploiting of bedrooms, and similar episodes make up the most of these farces which have no plot and no meaning. When the real play begins, you are ready to leave in disgust. If you stay, you are constantly annoyed by the overacting of the players. You cannot see why it is necessary to screw one's face into knots in order to register surprise or anger or horror. Nor why the actors seem to have so little knowledge of the ways of polite society. To see one star pour tea for a few friends is enlightening in that it reveals the ignorance of the star in matters social. Are there no gentlewomen in the movies? One would scarcely think so. Or do the directors insist on overemphasizing these facial expressions, fearing lest the intelligence of the audience will not be able to grasp the idea presented? And if they do not know social customs in polite society, why not hire some one to instruct them? There are many gentlewomen who act as professional chaperons; why not secure one to coach the stars?

Nor is Mr. Fuessle's statement that it takes a million of money, six months of time, and a great deal of lumber, not to mention many actors, to produce a popular play soon to appear, an argument capable of convincing us that this play will be a work of art, or even a masterpiece of the film world. The breweries and distilleries of the country are larger and cost more and have been at their work longer, but if they have produced anything of beauty the world has yet to hear of it. Mere size or quantity does not make art. That good pictures have been produced we know. It is this knowledge which is at once so discouraging and so encouraging. Because it has been done it is saddening not to see it done all the time. Because it has been done it gives us hope that it will be done more and more until the unfit is relegated to limbo.

I think I must range myself on the side of Mr. Pulsifer. As the case stands now, the movies *are* the world's worst failure because they have not lived up to their splendid opportunity. But in this case Opportunity knocks again, and they have only to unbolt the door and let her in.

I. C. Mann.

WANTED, WHOLESOME AMUSEMENT

I HAVE read "The World's Worst Failure," by Harold T. Pulsifer, and this greatest of failures is announced by Mr. Pulsifer to be the movies.

My home is in a small country town where in the winter we depend mostly on the birds (besides a few friends) for society. Adjoining our town is a factory town of several hundred people. In this town there are only two families who do not toil from morning until night in this factory. Many families — father, mother, and children—go to their work together. In my town we are fortunate enough to have a fine large hall, well ventilated and thoroughly comfortable, belonging to one of the more prosperous lodges. In this hall a certain enterprising citizen is giving movies each Wednesday and each Saturday night. I have availed myself of this opportunity for amusement on several occasions. And it is about the last occasion (because it is still fresh in my mind) that I wish to tell you. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" was advertised to be given on a certain Wednesday night in January. Perhaps it was because I live several miles from the village, perhaps it was because I have an old-fashioned way of liking to watch people come and catch snatches of picturesque conversation, but, whatever the cause, I arrived twenty minutes before the time scheduled for the programme to begin. When, lo! the hall was packed. Only about five empty seats remained in the back row. I slipped into one, and in less than two minutes others had slipped into the remaining ones. And still they came. The first picture thrown on the screen was of a cotton field, the colored people gathering the cotton. We were then taken through a factory and shown all

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of the different processes until the cotton came out prints, muslins, and ginghams. Then came the so-called funny pictures. A very bad boy, a sort of a "Peck's Bad Boy," continually getting into precarious positions and his miraculous escapes held us quite spellbound. Then came the play.

All the way through ran fun, pathos, and excitement. As I sat in the last row, I was one of the first out. But my curiosity held me. I stood at the door and watched this mass of people file out. And this is what I saw—family after family, father, mother, and children, old men and old women, young girls and young boys, all with a less tired expression than they had when they went in. And I thought as I stood there, "What a blessing to mankind are the movies!" Many now will rise up and say, "But the movies are not all like that." I, in my turn, demand why are they not all like that? The movies have come to stay. I believe that it is up to each community to demand and fight for good movies. It is up to each public-spirited person. It is our responsibility.

E. H. S.

MOVIES AND MANNERS

READING your moving-picture articles in the issues of The Outlook for January 19 and 26 inclines me to cast in my lot with Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer as against the apologist, Newton A. Fuessle, and to vote that the movies are "the world's worst failure."

Have you not, Mr. Editor, often wondered from what walk of life the scenario writer is drafted by the producers of our movie plays? Leaving out of the reckoning the changes and other liberties which are taken with the framework of the "best sellers," or the equally awful rendering of the popular plays transferred from the acting stage, what a queer medley we find when an original presentation is served up for our delectation! A young gentleman who is denied admittance by the butler climbs into the heroine's residence through a window and presents himself in the drawing-room unabashed and unafraid; and such unconventionality seems to excite no astonishment or adverse comment upon the part of Mr. or Mrs. Dives or of the adored member of their household. Young ladies presumably occupying recognized stations of eminence in the most exclusive circles address their conversation to young men at casual meetings without the formality of an introduction; and I shudder when a youth and maiden are left unchaperoned for the briefest moment, for I know an ardent declaration or worse is staged for immediate transaction before our astonished (I had almost said our blushing) gaze. I would fain subscribe to a fund to send these scenario writers through a course of "First Aid to the Socially Uncultured" as a condition precedent to their continuing at their tasks.

Mr. Fuessle is brutally frank; but I thank him for the short cut which he has taken to the goal he has sought to attain. If we concede his point and admit the movie stage as now conducted is merely a large industry, and "the object of a large industry is not art, but profit," why there is an end of the matter. It behooves the American people to look about them and evolve some system that can at least produce negative results—can cease to degrade, if it does not elevate, that department of the stage which supplies entertainment for so large a portion of our more than 000,000 souls.

RICHARD S. HARVE.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN THE OUTLOOK'S CONTEST NO. 1

FIRST PRIZE, $50
Won by
HOWARD MURRAY JONES,
1822 Chadbourne Avenue, Madison, Wis.

SECOND PRIZE, $30
Won by
REV. WM. HARRIS GUYER, A.M., D.D.,
President Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio

**THIRD PRIZE, $20*
Won by
MRS. JAMES B. DRAPER,
Oswego, Kansas

**THIRD PRIZE, $20*
Won by
MRS. ALICE E. CATE,
11 Oak Street, Belmont, Mass.

* Mrs. Draper and Mrs. Cate tied for third place. Instead of dividing the third prize of $20 between these two contestants, the judges decided to award them each a full third prize of $20

The four prize-winning letters will be published in next week's issue of The Outlook, together with a running story of the contest

Following are the names and addresses of contestants whose letters were unusually interesting. Some of these letters will be published in coming issues of The Outlook

BEERS, Mrs. G. H., Auburn, N. Y.
BERGSTRESSER, F. L., Montgomery, Pa.
BIGELOW, MAY THORPE, Washington, D.C.
COOK, Mrs. G. L., Basil, Ohio
DENNY, CORAL, Buffalo, Wyo.
ELY, Rev. J. B., Greeneville, Tenn.
EVANS, Mrs. MORRIS, Pipestone, Minn.
FORTUNE, GERTRUDE, Los Angeles, Cal.
GAINES, Rev. D. P., Waterbury, Conn.
HALL, F. A., Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
HARING, H. A., Tampa, Fla.
HILARY, F. A., Swarthmore, Pa.
HODGES, W. H., Richardson Park, Del.
HUDSON, BLANCHE H., Boston, Mass.
INNESS, GEORGE, Jr., Tarpon Springs, Fla.
KETCHAM, M. B., Indianapolis, Ind.
LANE, E. A., Hillsdale, N. J.
MACKIN, Mrs. MARGARET, Roxbury, Mass.
McDONALD, PHILIP B., Assistant Professor of English, New York University, N. Y.
MURRIN, J. A., Franklin, Pa.
NICHOLSON, J. C., Los Angeles, Cal.
OTIS, CLARA PAINE, White Plains, N. Y.
RICHARDSON, WEBSTER, Los Angeles, Cal.
SAINT-AMOUR, GEORGE, "The Plain Dealer," Cleveland, Ohio
SCHWAB, B. T., Denver, Col.
SILVER, MILDRED, Marquette, Mich.
WHITE, EDWARD S., Harlan, Iowa
WINTLER, HENRY H., Los Gatos, Cal.
WOOD, A. L., Jacksonville, Ill.

NOW WE KNOW HOW THEY DO IT IN JAPAN

CINEMA industry in Japan is also one of the main industries in the country like in America. Difference between the two is, while the latter has reached at the highest point of the development in motion picture industry, the former is yet on its way of progress.

At present, there are about fifteen motion picture concerns in this country, but the noteworthy one are limited to the following five namely Japan Cinematograph Co., Shochiku-Kinema, Universal's Japan Branch, Kokusai-Kinema (this one is now on its verge of collapse) and Taisho-Katsuei.

Unlike that of America, all the chief companies in Japan undertake the both sides of picture-making and picture-exhibiting owning its own studio and theater. Of the whole amount of about seven hundreds of the theaters in Japan, its half number are under the power of Japan Cinematograph Co.; since this one is the most foremost moving picture company with its capital of $3,000,000.

In making of the picture. there are three currents: firstly the production of Japanese Old School Drama (treating the historical matters with samurai, harakiri, daimyo, shogun and etc.) secondly that of New School Drama (dealing with today's Japanese life), thirdly that of New Era Drama (aiming to entertain the intellectual audience). And while Japan Cinematograph Co. produces all the three kinds of the picture, Shochiku and Taisho are only trying to make thirdly one.

Every company is cherishing the ambition to cultivate a wide market for their thirdly production in foreign lands, chiefly in America. But the producing efforts for the thirdly picture are the very much latest one and every company's every production in the line has been proved all failure.

On the other hand, in exhibiting the picture there are also two policies. One policy is the showing of the home-made pictures only, while the other is foreign pictures exclusively. And the latter policy has been always more profitable than the former. Shochiku-Kinema, Taisho-Katsuei and Universal's Japan Branch are severely suffering from the lack of the picture-theatres; Universal making the most unfortunate figure cherishing many pictures and having very few theatres.

The most welcomed pictures during the last year in Japan were: De Mille's "Man and Female," "Whispering Chorus," "For Better For Worse," Von Stroheim's "Blind Husbands," "Devil's Pass-Key," Fitzmourice's "Common Clay," "On With the Dance," Keenan's "Bells" (his "World's Aflame" imported but its performance suppressed by the governmental authority), Priscilla Dean's "Virgin of Stamboul," William Farnum's "Le Miserable," Nazimova's "Red Lantern," and the German Film "Veritas Vincit."

HIDEO KOUCHI.

No. 226, Shimoshibuya,
Tokio, Japan

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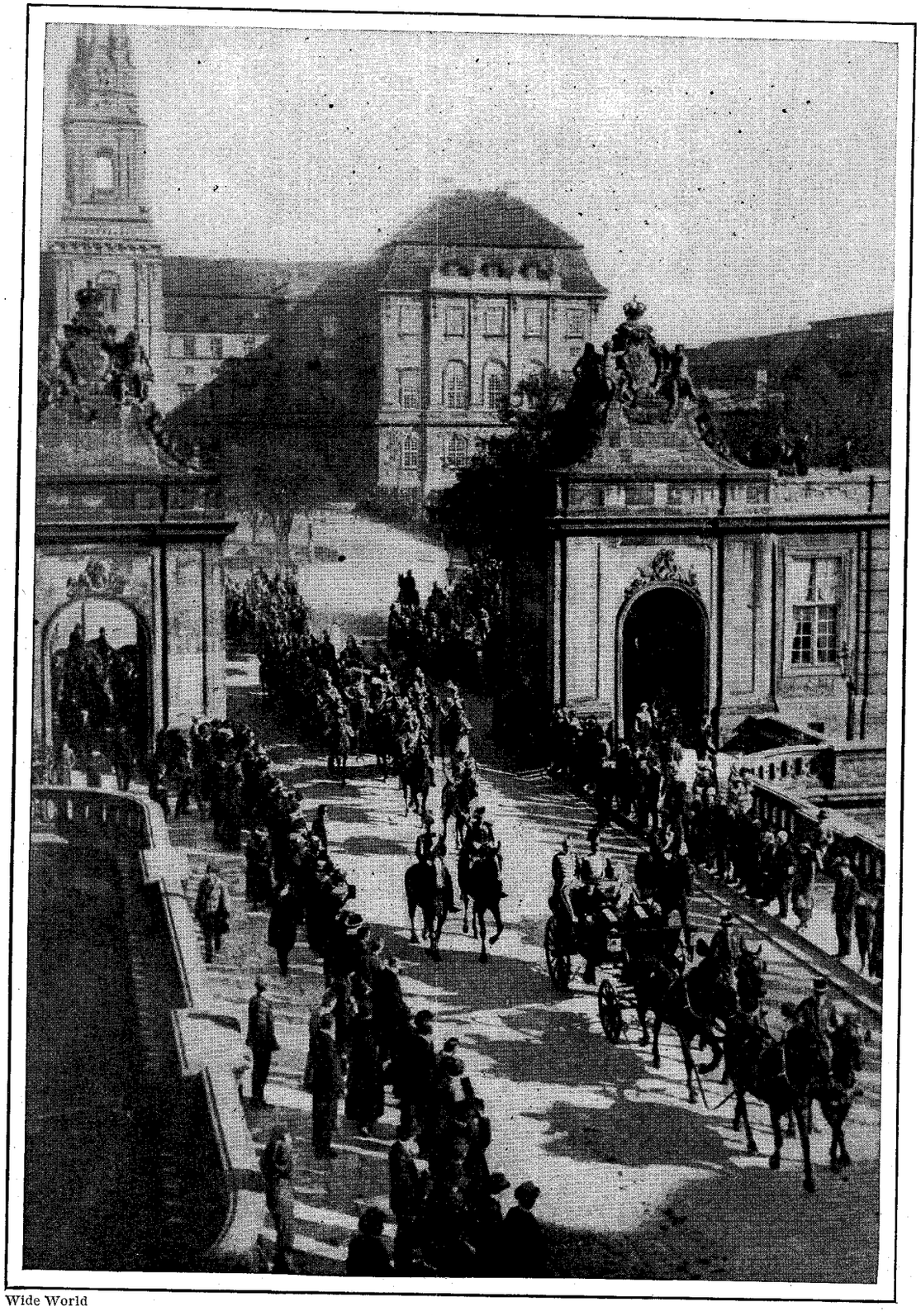
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



Wide World

THOUGH THE WORLD IS SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY, ROYAL PROCESSIONS ARE STILL SEEN IN EUROPE

Here is King Christian of Denmark on his way from Parliament in Copenhagen after its opening session recently. The photograph shows the Danish King and Queen and their two sons in the royal carriage, in the foreground. The King is on the right, in the rear seat, with his hand at salute

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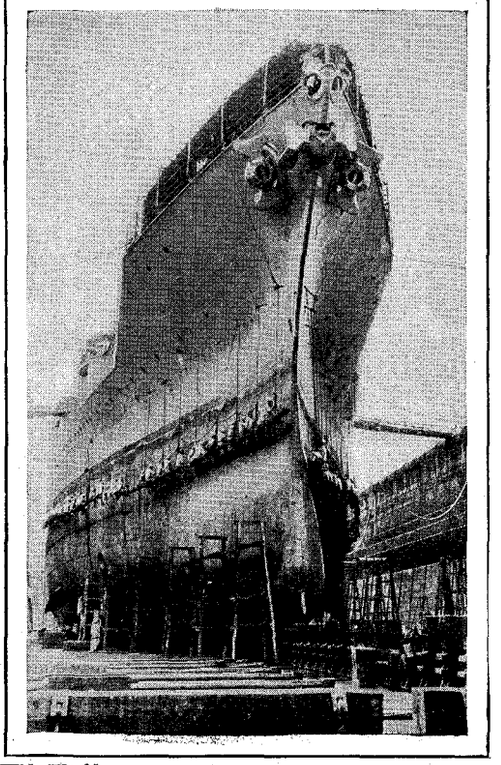
(C) Underwood

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING ENJOYING HIS VACATION IN FLORIDA

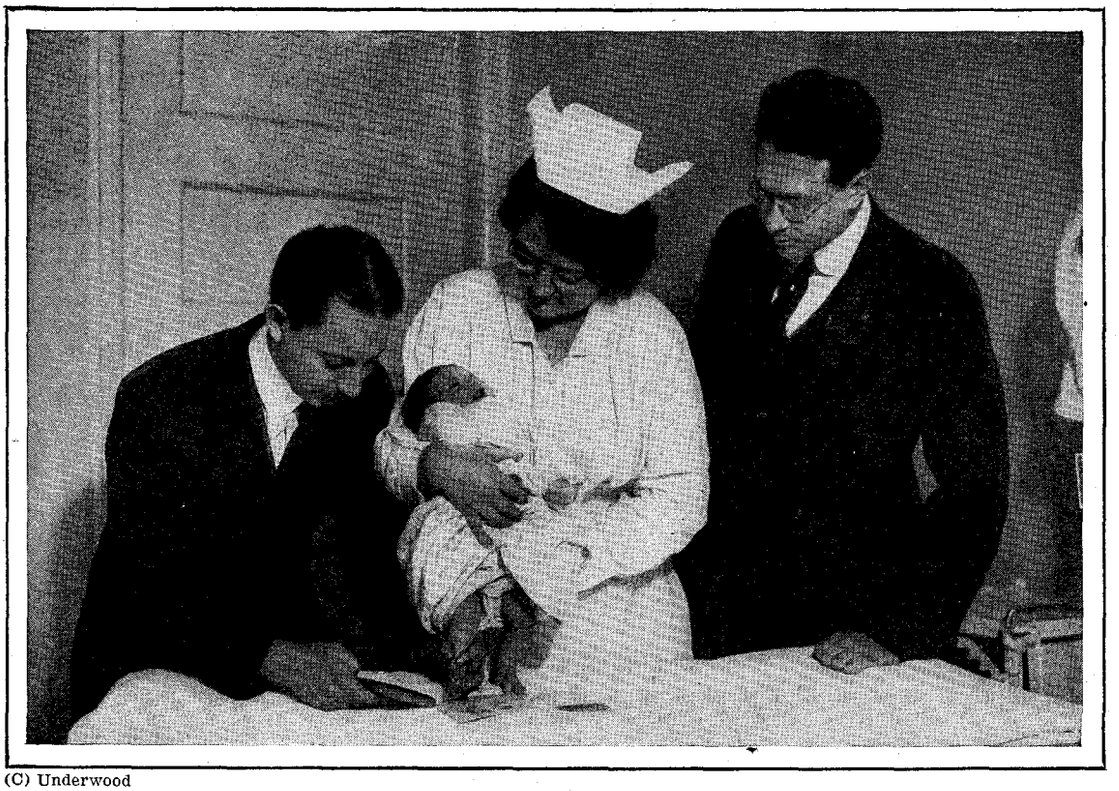
Guesses as to what paper is proving so absorbing to Mr. Harding are futile, though his second choice seems to be the "Sun"—but of what city?



Wide World

AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE OF ONE OF THE GREATEST WAR ENGINES EVER BUILT

Here is the U. S. dreadnought New Mexico in dry dock at Balboa, Panama Canal Zone. Hundreds of the great battleship's crew are engaged in repainting her



(C) Underwood

THE "FOOTPRINT" SYSTEM OF IDENTIFICATION INTRODUCED INTO A MATERNITY HOSPITAL

Instead of making records of new-born children by finger-prints, the Jewish Maternity Hospital of Philadelphia has adopted the footprint method, for the first time, it is said, in the history of any institution in this country. The new plan is advocated as effectually preventing "getting the babies mixed"

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LE FRANÇAIS INCONNU

AN INTERPRETATION OF THE FRENCHNESS OF THE FRENCH

BY DORIS HEMMING

Photograph by H. H. Moore, of the Outlook staff

THE BOOKSTALLS ON THE SEINE IN PARIS, AND NOTRE DAME ACROSS THE RIVER

AN American banker came to Paris in the year of grace 1920, filled with charity towards all mankind and the economic opinions of Mr. Hoover. He had watched events roll in and out of the American political arena during the year that had elapsed since the armistice. He felt uneasy and dissatisfied, now with his Government, now with his superiors in the world of finance. He was sure that there was something wrong somewhere and that perhaps, after all, the Continent of Europe was being rather bullied by its sturdy young American brother. Chance sent him across the Atlantic, and he rejoiced at the unexpected opportunity to make up his mind on international subjects by personal experience, and not by adopting the opinions of others ready made.

Elated by the intoxicating atmosphere of Paris, our banker gazed with exceptional appreciation at the fine proportions of the Opera House that dominates the center of this whirling city. Not content with a superficial survey of such a magnificent building, he booked tickets for the following evening, determined to drink deep of the artistic pleasures of this wonderful Paris. Three hours of exquisite harmony of music, color, and form passed as if by magic, and half in a dream he found himself following the line of slow-moving people down the aisle of the vast auditorium. Were there ever such musicians, such a rare appreciation of the dividing line between art and banality? These people should be cherished and fostered by the rest of the world for the sake of their inspiration. Would the New World ever attain to their discernment and originality?

In the lobby he presented himself before the *gardienne* of hats and umbrellas and mechanically held out his number. A Frenchman who pressed from behind received his hat as a matter of course. Still the American held out his ticket. Three more newcomers were served, and then another three. The dream of beauty was beginning to fade.

"Would you be good enough to give me my hat?" said our banker, calmly.

"*Comment*," said the *gardienne*, "*un Américain! Hein!*"

The dream of music and flowers had given way before a feeling of decided annoyance, but the American still held out his ticket. As one customer after another was served with deliberate intention, his anger began to mount.

"*Faut pas faire du mauvais sang*," said the brazen woman, with a toss of her head. "*Vous êtes un étranger.*"

"*Un étranger, oui*," he replied in a low voice, clenching his fists.

After the last member of the audience had departed she flounced his hat and stick on the counter with a laugh. "*Deux francs, monsieur. Non, je ne prends pas de timbres.*"

Fortunately, the American's knowledge of French was very limited in certain directions, and, after one or two inarticulate attempts to express himself, he shrugged his shoulders and stalked out.

"So this is France," he said aloud. "What a paradox!"

Three months later he surveyed the receding shores of France from the back of an ocean liner. One cannot condemn a people wholesale, he reflected, yet neither can one approve. A nation is as many-sided as a diamond which reflects and creates lights of every hue.

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A medley of half-formed impressions chased across his mind, with no salient features upon which to base his verdict. The problem presented itself to his keen intellect during the whole of the voyage, and by dint of many tobacco meditations he finally succeeded in bringing a semblance of order out of his mental chaos by the time that the Battery sky-scrapers loomed gray on the horizon.

"We do not understand the French, and they don't understand us," he concluded, "and the worst of it is that we don't want to understand each other." Then he caught sight of his wife in the crowd huddled close along the edge of the pier, and he straightway forgot his international meditations in the overwhelming, indescribable joy of being once more among his own people.

In America we really know very little of the psychology of the French. We believe our brilliant ally to be a man of little religion, of great freedom in sexual matters, and a genius in designing women's dress. We understand that he is extraordinarily vivacious and a rapid talker, and also that he is patriotic and brave. We all know that he considers prohibition a slight form of madness, and we are interested in his *mariage de convenance*.

But there it ends. Our impressions, although superficial, are accurate enough so far as they go, but there is much more to be said. For the first time in history we have worked side by side with the French during the war, and in the framing of peace we have sat around the same table. To our astonishment, we have found our ally's view-point on many occasions diametrically opposed to our own, and the result has been a hopeless series of misunderstandings, as regrettable as inevitable.

Approaching the psychology of the French on the broadest possible lines, let us first establish the fact that, in contrast with the New World, where the losses of the present are forgotten in the hopes of to-morrow, France is an old country, with no dazzling promises for the future. On this foundation let us build up our structure.

France, then, is not a country of promise. She is mature. Her people accept the existing order of things as final, and adapt themselves to their surroundings without thought of molding conditions to suit them. The methods and accomplishments of their forefathers lie heavily upon them. As the burden of tradition increases their resistance decreases, until to-day they put up with inconveniences that would not be tolerated a week in a more elastic community.

Picture the rage of an American who waits five minutes for a telephone connection. He is up in arms immediately, and writes to his favorite newspaper in complaint of the service. The Frenchman shouts fruitlessly into the receiver for a full half-hour, and usually, giving up in despair, merely remarks: "What will you? We have always had a bad administration." No one in France ever seriously believes that by taking thought the inconveniences of life can be remedied.

As the natural resources of the country have been more intensely developed and the skill of her people exploited, the struggle to live has become keener and keener. Setting aside the exceptional war period, there are few wonderful opportunities for the ambitious young man. Unless possessed of ability amounting to genius, the ambitious young man must be content to remain in the sphere in which chance has placed him at birth, or, if endowed with less than ordinary ability, to keep his hold by the help of his friends. As a rule the young man is not ambitious, and is more than content to accept assistance, be it monetary or influential, in order to keep his footing in such precarious surroundings.

Photograph by H. H. Moore

OLD FRENCH SHOPWOMAN

"It is rather astonishing to an American to buy, at the hands of a vegetable woman let us say, a cauliflower, a large cauliflower, and to receive it wrapped in one small sheet torn from a magazine"

This lack of ambition permeates the whole French social system. In America the successful business man has become a National type. We have our J. J. Hill urging the young men of the last generation to go West, as he did, and to grow up with the country. We have our Andrew Carnegie and his book of smug advice, telling his followers to go and do likewise. We have finally our John Wanamaker, adorning his store advertisements with maxims of success.

No Frenchman since the time of La Rochefoucauld has bothered very much about the success of his contemporaries, and even this philosopher's advice was cynical rather than optimistic. The fathers of France have far more faith in a good *dot* for their daughters and a good business start for their sons (obtained through their personal influence) than in all the success maxims ever printed. The truth is that they are not preoccupied with worldly success either for themselves or for their offspring.

And here we discover one of the cardinal differences between the character of the peoples of the Old and the New Worlds. We in America are obsessed with the idea of making money, while the French are sublimely indifferent. In France this trait, or rather its absence, seems to be accentuated at every turn, startling us from our cherished belief that the almighty dollar is the chief end of man. Provided the Frenchman can live according to his station, he does not covet further riches. His philosophy has taught him that wealth does not come without labor, and after a certain point has been reached he considers that no mere money can compensate for further effort.

So we find the maid-of-all-work preferring to do without her pay than to work on a holiday. The butcher closes his shop all day Monday, for one must rest, *parbleu!* The dressmaker does not answer inquiries, for she already has sufficient work for her little establishment, and additional sewing women would be so difficult to find! The milliners in the rue de la Paix never advertise, for it would be such a worry to look for extra premises if their trade increased, with Paris so crowded; and so forth. The artists in the Quartier Latin despise filthy lucre and all it brings, and glory in the view from their seven-story garrets.

All this, of course, is quite apart from the fungus of war profiteers that clings to Paris as well as to London and New York. In a general way the French are not seeking after great riches or the luxuries that riches command, and they are wont to despise us for what they term our mercenary view of life. On the other hand, they will take infinite pains to save a few sous, although they shrink at the effort necessary to adding to their income.

As the grinding process of the survival of the fittest has continued down the centuries, it has brought with it a keen attention to detail which the French call thriftiness and we call meanness. With amazing faith in an orange-colored future, we spend whatever appears necessary at the time, and set ourselves to making a larger income to cover any expansion. Whenever it is a question of enlarging our personal scope, we step forward unhesitatingly, confident that our share of good things will increase with the growing country.

In France one does not find this tendency to advance. Competition is too keen for the storekeeper to raise his prices in order to cover added expenditure, so he arrives at his balance

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by cutting down his outlay. If the customer cannot be made to pay more, he must be given less for the same money. And so it comes about that while in America we pride ourselves on the efficiency of our service, in France they are receding farther and farther from this ideal.

It is rather astonishing to an American to buy at the hands of a vegetable woman, let us say, a cauliflower, a large cauliflower, and to receive it wrapped in one small sheet torn from a magazine. Upon protest, the woman adds another inadequate piece of paper, grumbling that she can hardly be expected to supply two sheets for a sale of only thirty-five sous! You buy a hat for, let us say, a hundred francs, and you are charged three francs for the hatbox and a franc for the delivery. The shopkeeper has worked out her costs so closely that she cannot afford to give the slightest service without making a charge to cover it. In America we would have marked the hat 120 francs with a grandiose flourish and let it go at that—delivery, hatbox, and all!

We find this tendency to count the pennies as prevalent in France as in the lowlands of Scotland, and we are irritated by it beyond expression. Our boarding-house keeper presents us with a weekly bill of seven francs for the light and three francs for a bath in addition to her charges for board and lodging, and, naturally, we grumble.

THIS lack of ambition, this small-mindedness, is but one of the many effects that the maturity of their civilization has had on the minds of the French people. One feels instinctively that every French man and woman has inherited a share of a civilization which is at once more advanced and less healthy than our own. We are immediately conscious of the hostility that a hayseed from the country feels in the presence of an habitué of the city. We from America are ill at ease in the intellectual atmosphere of France, and we resent the fact that we are being tried in the balances by the keen, rapid French minds.

"It will be three hundred years before you are civilized," they tell us coolly as they make their diagnosis. And, in spite of our outward blusterings, we are bound to acknowledge their intellectual superiority as a nation.

We may not be willing to admit it in argument, but our actions belie us. We show our appreciation of their originality by preferring their fashions to our own. We adopt their music and copy it. We worship at the shrine of their great painters and we pour out our millions to acquire their art treasures. We marvel at their histrionic ability and we applaud their Bernhardts and Réjanes. We laugh at their wit and we copy their inventions.

Behind the genius of the French is the slow artistic development of many centuries, and, whether we will or not, we must recognize their refinement in comparison with the crude material that emerges from our "melting-pot." They have reached a higher intellectual plane than we have, but, owing to their progress, they are suffering from the pangs of over-civilization.

They are brilliant, intellectual, vivacious, witty, sparkling, and full of knowledge. These are the very qualities we are striving for, and yet when found in the French they leave us cold. We prefer the impulse born of the heart of our own people to their impulse born of the mind. As man acquires the veneer of a super-civilization he sacrifices much of his original kindness. In the lonely districts of America, where the next house is a mile away, not a stranger is allowed to pass by without a meal, and the host would be mortally offended if payment were offered. In the large city one no longer "drops in" without a formal invitation, for there is always a restaurant around the corner. In France hospitality in our crude sense of the word does not exist. They have passed that stage in civilization.

Then, again, in the country every one feels a lively interest in the affairs of his neighbor, from the minister's wife to the washerwoman. In the city no one knows his neighbors, even when a dozen families are huddled together in a single apartment-house. The French are definitely hostile to the outside world. They live behind high walls.

Their interpretation of hospitality is one of the greatest stumbling-blocks that the American has had to encounter in his study of French character. The fame of the American and Highland Scotch welcome has long since spread far and wide. In each case the impulse springs from similar conditions. Hospitality is a religion to an American or a Scotchman, and a breach of this custom is as unpardonable as an unsportsmanlike act to the Englishman. To this tradition we of the United States have added the motive of expediency, and have welcomed with outstretched hand all the castaways of Europe. We have clothed their nakedness, spiritual, moral, and physical, and have given them success. We have welcomed strangers for two generations, and our bread has returned to us many thousandfold. Hospitality is still one of the dominating factors in our primitive civilization, for we have not learned the knack of *arrière-pensées*.

This hospitality is utterly incomprehensible to the Frenchman. He finds it almost repulsive, and he condemns us for our *naïveté*. He prides himself on the fact that his social circle has been closed for half a century. He sets up his little god Privacy and builds a wall around it. Being of a contemplative disposition, he prefers to read and meditate than to pass his time in unprofitable conviviality. He is almost Asiatic in his suspicion and his dislike of intrusion.

"What would happen to us," a charming old French gentleman once said to me, "if we Parisians did not defend ourselves against the invasion of foreigners that rush over the city every year? We should be overwhelmed, our family life would be lost. We must protect ourselves and our privacy."

"We do not lose our home life," I answered, unsympathetically, "and yet we find time to welcome you when you cross the Atlantic."

"Which is not often," he interposed.

AND truly, the Frenchman never travels. The result is that he is not interested in the doings of the outside world. Read the newspapers of Paris, and we find almost no foreign news, and very little even of Lyons and Marseilles. In New York we have an insatiable curiosity to know the happenings of people the world over and our reading cannot be too varied to please our taste.

To the Frenchman his family life is extraordinarily precious. He has reached a point where he is unwilling to enlarge his social or commercial sphere, so he locks and bars his door to strangers. Moreover, he carries this love of family right into his business life, where one invariably finds that the shareholders of a company are all related to one another and that the sons inherit their father's business as a matter of course. In the United States we preach a contrary doctrine. "Take tea with your friends and do business with strangers," we say as we bring new recruits into our ever-increasing social circle, and we advise our sons to try their worth in the open market and sell their services to the highest bidder.

Our friends pass in and out of our lives with astonishing rapidity, leaving scarcely an impression. The Frenchman grows up with his friends; he knows them *au fond*, accepts them, and trusts them as a matter of course. We urge one another to throw off the ties of family and go out into the world and make a place for ourselves. In France a man clings closer to his own people as he grows older, whatever may be the quarrels that interrupt the peacefulness of life.

And quarrels there are. No family could possibly live within such narrow confines as are prescribed in France without appalling disturbances. Thanks to the multitude of our interests and outside friends, we are able to live our family life, such as it is, with comparatively little trouble. Not so the French, who support a generation of lawyers on the proceeds of their grievances. Nevertheless they stick to one another through thick and thin, presenting a united front to the rest of the world and cherishing alike their quarrels and their affections.

ANOTHER outstanding trait that one is instantly aware of is the independence of thought of the French. Possibly this individualism is the result of their

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super-civilization. Possibly it is an innate national characteristic. At all events, one finds it fully developed in every walk of life, from the newspaper vender who refuses to change a five-franc note in order to sell her papers, to the president of a large financial house who declines to receive an American caller because he does not approve of the attitude of the American Government.

During the war the French stood aloof in magnificent self-satisfaction. While the British, Americans, and Italians were eagerly exchanging ideas for the perfection of their methods, the French looked on with indifference, continuing along their own lines, without even showing a natural curiosity in the discoveries made by their allies.

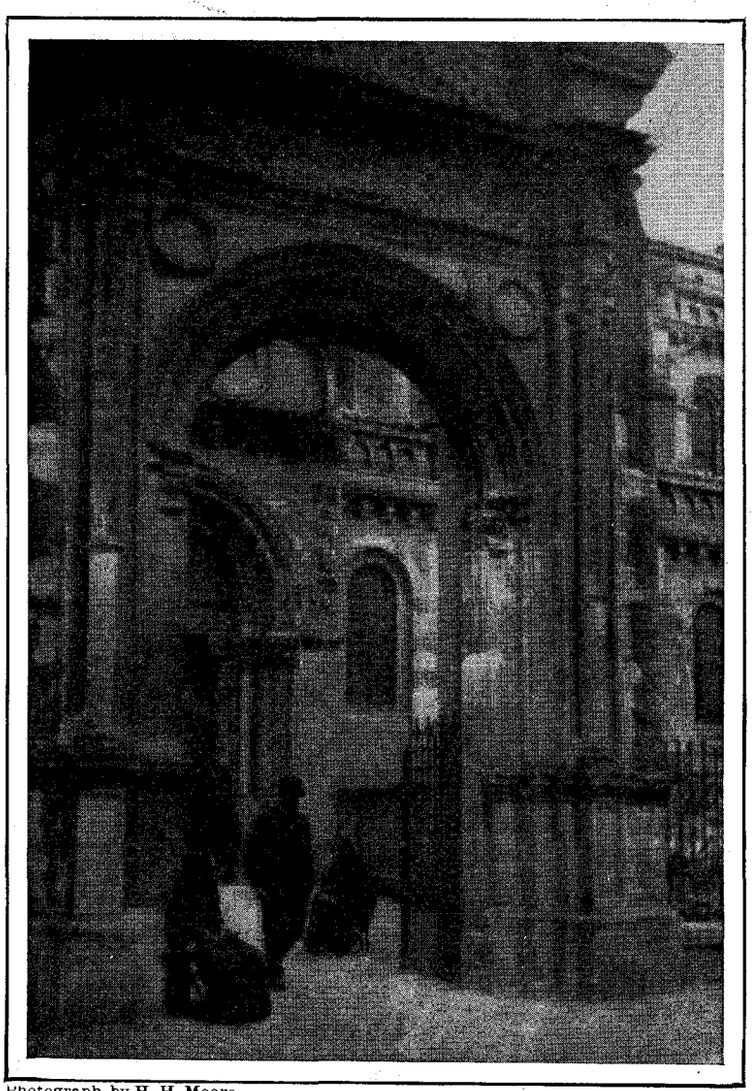
In this connection let me cite a little dinner party that took place in Paris in the third year of the war. We were a cosmopolitan assembly, for about the board had gathered officers and civilians from England and Italy, from Canada and the United States. Our host was a Frenchman. The talk drifted in many directions, for each guest had an anecdote to relate concerning the attitude of his compatriots in the great struggle and his own impressions of Europe as seen through the distorted glass of war. At length the Frenchman spoke.

"*Mes amis*," he said, "you have all traveled much and you are curious to know of the doings of your neighbors. As for me, I have never traveled. I have never wished to. I know Paris, and that is all. And is not Paris the greater half of the world? To Paris, *mes amis*," and he lifted his glass to the toast.

Self-schooled, like Shakespeare, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure, the French are led to adopt a haughty attitude towards all foreigners. They give not a passing thought to the opinions of others, and the result is that they sacrifice both national and personal benefits by making no effort to please. Do you ever find a Frenchman advertising his goods in a New York paper? Never. Let the American come to Paris if he wants French novelties, but the day has yet to come when the Frenchman will be humble enough to cross the Atlantic.

This individualism accounts for many phases of Parisian life. The Parisian guards his liberty with fierce jealousy and works out his destiny untrammeled by the opinions of others. If it pleases him, he disdains the consolations of Mother Church. As his intellectual development progresses he throws aside the gods of his childhood, making his various decisions with full confidence in his own personal strength.

In sexual matters he is equally independent. He cares not a fig for the sacred rites of marriage. If he wishes to live with the woman of his choice, he does so and he snaps his fingers at the conventions of society, arguing his case —if he gives himself the trouble—on the most materialistic lines imaginable. You will find a penniless young baron living quite happily with a manicure girl. The lady was bequeathed to him by an army friend whose regiment was transferred to Morocco, and she appears to be perfectly satisfied with her lot. And the delightful part of it is that our young French baron moves among the upper four hundred as freely as ever and the manicure girl is just as welcome in her own little coterie.



Photograph by H. H. Moore

GATEWAY TO THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. SERNIN, TOULOUSE

"France is an old country with no dazzling promises for the future. . . . She is mature"

THE Frenchman thus is individualistic to a fault, and when it serves his purpose indifferent to convention. Yet, paradoxical as it may sound, in non-essentials he is the soul of conservatism. Of all the countries in this world, none is more conservative than France. In strong contrast to their intellectual freedom the French are almost Oriental in their subservience to convention in the minor things of life. Until they are aroused to throw off the shackles that have accumulated with the years they are content to run along in their little grooves without questioning the wisdom or expediency of their methods. They carry on the work undertaken by their fathers with little ambition to change it or adapt it to modern requirements.

Compared with American papers, the French press is hopelessly conservative. In politics it is the moderates who are elected by a huge majority every time. In business they cling to their antiquated office buildings and factories with even greater tenacity than the English. Napoleon I established the pensions and bonuses of the Bank of France according to the needs of his generation. Dynasties have died away and democratic governments have fallen, but the Bank of France never revised its pensions and bonuses until two years ago. Nothing short of a world war and an upheaval in economic values is able to arouse a state institution to a sense of the passage of time.

In their homes the French are not less conservative. One finds few labor-saving devices in the kitchen, and monstrosities are treasured in the *salon* simply because they have been there for

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two generations! They have their family reunions every Sunday simply because they have always had their family reunions on Sunday—they and their fathers before them. They still lock and double-bar their doors at night, as they did in the days of feudalism, and the *concierge* guards the entrance to the apartment-house just as she did in the dangerous times of the Revolution. Once a custom has been established, be it good or bad, it will be followed until long after it has outlived its usefulness.

The offspring of a proverbially small family, the Frenchman grows up spoiled and overeducated. Instead of bringing into the world a half-dozen children whom they can ill afford to clothe and educate, his mother and father have preferred to lavish their attention on one child or two. The result is that, where American children knock the corners off one another long before they leave their nursery, their little European cousin grows up with an exaggerated idea of his own importance. If he were subjected to the wholesome discipline of the games that do so much to develop the English schoolboy, he would throw off a great deal of his early egotism. But the training that awaits him as a philosopher and intellectual tends rather to encourage and crystallize the individualism that already characterizes him as a boy.

OVER this complex web of traits and tendencies glimmers the ideal of patriotism, a patriotism of such beauty and refinement that in its contemplation we would fain forgive the weaknesses beneath it and remember only the singleness of spirit that upheld the nation so magnificently during the war. There is not a Frenchman born but thrills to the inspiration of sacrifice or ambition for his country, and much may be said and done in the name of the individual that would be cast aside for the sake of the magic name of France.

INDUSTRIAL GOVERNMENT IN ROCHESTER

BY PAUL BLANSHARD

WHILE war is raging in the New York clothing market the clothing manufacturers and workers of Rochester are completing two years of successful co-operation in industrial government. You may find the secret of it if you will go almost any afternoon of the week to an office on Clinton Street, in Rochester. There you will find the Industrial Court of the clothing industry of Rochester, supported jointly by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the Rochester Clothiers' Exchange.

When you go into the office, you see a little man with shaggy red hair sitting at a desk. Clothing workers in Rochester say that he has the brains of a regiment and talks like a presser. He is Dr. William M. Leiserson, a former college professor and chairman of the Bureau of Labor Administration at Washington, now chairman of the Labor Adjustment Board of Rochester's clothing industry. He is the supreme diplomat and judicial authority in a court which is doing as much for the peace and prosperity of the people of Rochester as any other court in the city.

But this court is not run like an ordinary court. There are no sheriffs to make you get up when the judge comes in. There are no pomp and ceremony and red tape. There are no lawyers to argue technicalities. If you have anything to say, you say it in your own way. If you happen to be a worker in a shop and you want to say something against your boss, no one says, "Sh!" No one can fire you for expressing your feelings. This is your court. You help to hire the judge and you help to pay the judge's salary. Why shouldn't the judge be nice to you? Likewise, if you are an employer accustomed to encountering Brindellism in unions. There is no labor dictator to hold a club over you here. The smallest contractor can deal as effectively with the union as the largest manufacturer. The judge of this court will not allow the clothing industry of Rochester to be operated on the basis of blackmail and terror.

He represents that vaguely defined but very real thing, the public. He does not forget that he occasionally buys a suit of clothes himself. He is a consumer, and one of his duties is to guard the interest of the consumers as much as possible.

This Industrial Court is not a new and untried thing. Over 270 cases have been brought before it. It began in the spring of 1919, when the Rochester manufacturers signed an agreement with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, recognizing the union and agreeing to bargain with it collectively. In this agreement both sides expressed their belief that strikes and lockouts are not the most satisfactory methods of settling industrial disputes. They agreed to try for one year the experiment of settling all their disputes through an impartial chairman whose salary and expenses should be borne equally by the union and the manufacturers.

The manufacturers who signed this agreement were not unscientific dreamers. They were hard-headed, successful business men who had fought unions in the clothing industry and defeated them for twenty-five years. But they found that, no matter how many times they defeated the union, they always came out at the wrong end of the whip. They were making their employees more and more rebellious and the employees were losing interest in production in the industry. So they got together and said, "Suppose we try a really constructive plan for industrial peace."

And the union which entered into this agreement was not a "bosses' union." It was not a small union of highly skilled workers trying to build up a monopoly for itself. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers is known as one of the most "radical" unions in the country, and it includes all workers in the clothing trade. Yet this union was persuaded to surrender its right to strike, and for over eighteen months it has submitted to every decision of the Industrial Court. The man responsible for getting the workers to accept the new point of view was Sidney Hillman, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. His inspiration came largely from the successful industrial machinery of Hart, Schaffner & Marx in Chicago. Hillman's theory is that the people who invest labor in the clothing industry should have just as much to say about the general conduct of the industry as the people who invest their money. He says that you cannot expect workers to be interested in their jobs as long as the employers keep them out of a share in control of working conditions. Some of the far-sighted employers agreed with him, so the plan of industrial government was accepted.

The agreement is not a contract so much as a constitution for the industry. The ordinary trade agreement is like the last will and testament of Jonas Smith: it is either disregarded altogether or followed out literally to the last comma. The clothing industry is not a dead thing; it is as lively and vigorous as the imagination of its builders. So it needed a constitution that would allow for growth. The Rochester plan provides for continuous industrial legislation by a Labor Adjustment Board composed of representatives of the manufacturers and the union, presided over by the impartial chairman. The plan works out in this way:

On September 16 an off presser was discharged for using indecent language in the shop. The union appealed the case to the Industrial Court, pleading extenuating circumstances. Dr. Leiserson ruled: "Neither the employer nor the employees can have any justification for using indecent language in the shop. . . . When an employee uses indecent language and is discharged therefor, the chairman will not reinstate him."

On December 10, ——, a clothing cutter, did not report for work. He telephoned his employer that he was sick When he reported for work after his ill-

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THE INDUSTRIAL LEGISLATURE OF ROCHESTER'S CLOTHING INDUSTRY

At the extreme left are Dr. Leiserson and his secretary; center, labor managers representing the employers; right, shop chairmen and union officers

ness, he was told that there was no place for him. He appealed his case to the Industrial Court after trying for two weeks to get his job back.

The employer declared before the Court that —— was a poor cutter and that he was discharged for incompetent work. Dr. Leiserson ruled: "Even if it were true that ——'s work was poor and below normal in production, such charges cannot be entertained at the present time. —— himself was not told that there was any dissatisfaction with his work. On the contrary, one week before he became sick his wages were raised from $30 to $35. It is therefore ordered that —— be reinstated in his old position and that he shall be given two weeks' back pay. He lost three weeks, but one week was due to sickness." An employer could not make sickness an excuse for discharge.

These cases of discharge are comparatively simple. The real test of the Rochester plan comes when both sides are called upon to reach an understanding about stoppages, loafing, and lockouts.

One warm morning last August an older and two younger men were pressing coats in a hot little room on St. Paul Street. The elder was the father of both the younger men. About eleven o'clock he leaned over from his machine and said: "Cut out he hustlin', kids. Ve ain't gotta do more dan 44 coats this week. I says it's hot enough."

The two young men were obedient sons. The employer begged for increased production in vain. Finally he took the case to the Industrial Court. The judge said: "You can't cut down production without a real reason. It's too bad about the weather, but if I allowed you to take the weather as an excuse you would find it too cold in winter and too hot in summer. You pressed fifty coats a week all last year and all other pressers in Rochester are doing the same. You are entitled to $41 a week for pressing fifty coats, and if you fall below that amount you will have to lose 82 cents for every missing coat."

The agreement has put a stop to strikes. When a few workers forget themselves and break loose from discipline, what happens is politely called a "stoppage." The workers must pay for stoppages. Last spring the fancy of seven armhole basters lightly turned to swimming-holes and pastures green. They had an argument with the management of a large Rochester shop and promptly left the shop for a day's vacation. What happened was summed up in the decision of the Industrial Court:

"When workers cannot agree with the management on any question of dispute, it is provided that they shall make complaint to the union, and if the union cannot adjust the matter it can be appealed to the impartial chairman. By quitting work in a body these armhole basters violated the agreement against stoppages. Whatever may have been the merits of the dispute in question, no stoppage is justified under the rules made by the union in agreement with the manufacturers. The armhole basters will therefore make up the time they lost by working overtime six and one-half hours, and they shall be paid straight time for this work."

The judge is just as stern when the employer attempts a lockout. In September an employer who was running a small clothing shop, wanted to get out of an agreement he had voluntarily made to keep his pocket-makers working if the rest of the shop was working. He had bungled the assignments of work to the various parts of the shop in such a way that Saturday morning arrived and the pocket-makers had no work to do. He had agreed to give these pocket-makers continuous work, but he tried to evade his agreement by laying off the entire shop. The workers appealed to the Industrial Court for their Saturday pay.

The judge said: "To shut down a shop, hold back production, and make innocent employees suffer a loss of wages when the fault lies in the management of the shop is entirely unjustified. The workers must be paid for Saturday morning." It cost the employer about $500.

The most important part of the Rochester plan is its flexibility. Clothing plants are constantly changing; new machinery is being introduced; short cuts are being invented; the whole standard of values in the clothing market is going up and down like a chip on the waves. How are you going to establish "normalcy" in such a whirlpool of price-cutting and competition? "We must face the actual facts of industry and provide for them in our constitution," said the leaders of both workers and manufacturers in Rochester. So they wrote passages into their agreement which make the Labor Adjustment Board a real industrial legislature:

"The Board shall have the authority to make such rules, regulations, and supplementary arrangements, not inconsistent with this agreement, as may be necessary to carry into effect the principles of this agreement, or to *apply these principles to new questions whenever they arise.*

"Upon petition of either party, the Labor Adjustment Board shall have the power to determine whether important changes have taken place within the clothing industry, or in industrial conditions generally, which warrant changes in general wage levels or in hours of work; and if it is decided that such changes are warranted, negotiations shall begin between the parties hereto. In the event of a disagreement, the question shall be submitted to arbitration."

So the door is opened to scientific management and to wage adjustments in times of financial crisis. "Our cooperative enterprise," says Dr. Meyer Jacobstein, labor manager of the Stein-Bloch Company, "is laying the groundwork for the introduction of scientific management methods in a very salutary way, because when new methods are introduced to-day they are done with the willing consent of the workers, and not imposed upon them arbitrarily and autocratically. We are preparing the soil which will make it easy for the production experts to reap the harvest when the proper time arrives. In a word, we are constantly 'selling' the concept of scientific management to the workers not by thrusting it down their

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throats but by winning their consent by persuasion, reason, and practical demonstration."

An interesting illustration of the legislative function of the Labor Adjustment Board came when the question of overtime and the forty-four-hour week was decided. The agreement had simply specified that the work week should be forty-four hours and that overtime work should be paid for at the rate of time and one-half. Should a man who comes into the shop at one o'clock and works until 6:30 be given an hour and a half overtime because he has worked an hour and a half past five o'clock? Should a man who works only thirty-six hours a week in four installments of nine hours a day be given four hours of overtime? Here was a question for legislation. The judge differed from both the workers and manufacturers in their final ruling, but the word of the "two houses" in the legislature was made law. It was decided that only work in excess of eight hours in any one day or in excess of four hours on Saturday should be counted as overtime. The man who comes to work at one o'clock and works until 6:30 is not given overtime, but the man who works nine hours a day is given one hour's overtime even if he works only one day a week.

The proof of any pudding is in the eating. While the New York clothing market is being destroyed by a bitter industrial struggle, Rochester workers and manufacturers are maintaining harmonious relations with profit to both. They have renewed their agreement so that it will not expire until June 1, 1922. The firms which have helped to maintain the industrial government are some of the largest and most influential in the United States. They include L. Adler Brothers & Co., August Brothers & Co., the L. Black Company, the A. Dinkelspiel Company, R. Goldstein & Co., Goodman & Suss, Hershberg & Co., the Hickey-Freeman Company, Louis Holtz & Sons, Inc., Joseph Knopf & Sons, Inc., Lears, Prinz & Mandel, the Levy Brothers Clothing Company, McGraw, Benjamin & Hays, the Rochester Standard Clothes Company, Rosenberg Brothers & Co., Steefel, Strauss & Connor, the Stein-Bloch Company, the Weiss Kopf Company.

The effect of this industrial government upon the union has been marked. In its earlier stages the union in Rochester was dominated by the men who were the most daring fighters and loudest talkers. They were not necessarily men of careful judgment and responsibility. Now the union is dominated by leaders who know the industry from A to Z, men who are capable of representing the workers before a court which requires reasoned statements supported by an array of facts. The union has established a labor college for its members and is seeking to build up their cultural life. The fighting spirit is still there, but the era of peace in the clothing industry has allowed the union to devote much of its energy to constructive endeavor.

"Not only is the democracy of Rochester developing leaders who make for safety," says Dr. Meyer Jacobstein, "but, in the second place, it is developing trained citizens—trained citizens who are informed, enlightened, and disciplined."

UNDER THE SWAY OF HUNGER

I—LAST YEAR

BY LUCIA E. LYONS

LITTLE WINTER sat on a tiny bench in the bare Chinese courtyard, with the pale November sunshine falling about her. She needed all the sun there was, because she still wore her summer garments, with a very tattered fragment of grandmother's old wadded coat tied about her body. She had outgrown her last year's winter clothes, and this year there was no cotton to make larger ones. Even now mother was dividing the old wadding to make it stretch farther and piecing the outside and the lining with strips cut off from the bottom of her own coat.

Little Winter did not greatly mind the cold, though. She did not greatly mind anything any more. Two months before she had cried when they told her there was no more porridge after her half-bowlful was gone. She had cried because her millet cake was full of dry chaff that hurt her throat. But since then many, many of their meals had been only a soup made of leaves and weeds, and now even the leaves were gone. Somehow it was too much trouble to cry about things any more. Instead of crying she was playing a game. Spread out on the hard ground before her were many broken bits of pottery, with which she carried on her little make-believe. If the game had had a name, it would have been called "Last Year."

She began to arrange the pieces in regular order. "Last year there was good millet porridge," she said, putting down a very large one. "Last year there were salted vegetables. Last year sometimes there was white bread."

(C) Underwood

SEARCHING THE BARREN FIELDS FOR LEAVES AND ROOTS

"Many of their meals had been only a soup made of leaves and weeds, and now even the leaves were gone"

Then she paused, trying confusedly to remember all the glories of that distant time. She needed big sister to help her play the game. She got up, gathering together the precious fragments, but she did not dart across the yard in the manner of former times; instead she walked sedately and a little shakily to the front gate, where Little Spring was at her usual task of caring for the fretful baby. *He* had not forgotten how to cry, and Little Winter looked at him with solemn dark eyes as he stretched out his small body in an angry wail.

"Sister," said Little Winter when the baby was finally pacified, "come and play it is last year. Tell me some more things we had."

"Are you still playing that?" exclaimed Little Spring. "Why do you always play that?" But she sat down to the game nevertheless, for even nine years old has not yet outgrown the comfort of making believe.

"This one is the porridge," said Little Winter, "and this is the vegetables, and this is a *great big* piece of white bread. What else is there?"

"There is chicken soup," said big sister with decision. Then, warming to the subject, she went on with enthusiasm, putting down the pottery bits as she spoke. "It is a feast," she announced. "Here is a bowl of meat-balls,

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and here are eggs, and here is fish, and —hai! I forgot the dessert at the beginning. This little one is watermelon seeds, and this is peanuts—"

"Yes, yes, peanuts," chimed in Little Winter, the ghost of a smile hovering on her lips. Of course there used to be peanuts when she kotowed to grandfather and he gave her two large cash to buy some from the peddler. Candy, too! How well she remembered!

But big sister was speaking again as she arranged some broken pieces of brick along the wall. "Here are our best clothes," she said, "that father took to the pawn-shop. And here is the thickest bedquilt. He sold it, but he only brought back such a little bit of grain! And here are the two armchairs where father and grandfather used to sit."

Little Winter watched for a moment, but clothes and furniture did not greatly interest her. She turned to arrange her own pieces of china, and once more began the singsong chant which the family had heard so constantly: "Last year there was good porridge. Last year there was white bread. Last year there were vegetables."

A shadow fell across the steps, and father stood looking down at the game. His face had a strange expression that almost frightened them, and they thought he was going to speak, but he passed on into the house in silence. His wife and his mother looked up as he entered.

"Did you go to the city?" asked the older woman. "Are the officials distributing food?"

"They are distributing food," he answered, listlessly, "but the food is only enough for those who are already there. No more may go to receive it."

He sat looking at the mud floor for some time. At last he brought out the thought which was in his mind. "The money from the mule will soon be gone. In the city I saw them selling little girls. Five mouths are less to feed than six."

"Shall a man like you sell his children?" cried the grandmother. "I am old, and their grandfather no longer lives. I had better die at once and give my food to the young."

"No," said the man, heavily. "You are my mother. They are only my daughters."

"Which one?" asked their mother, with a frightened face.

"The big one would be worth more money," said the father, slowly, "but—but—my heart endures not Little Winter's playing; 'Last year,' always 'Last year.' Perhaps—if we sold her—the people would give her enough to eat."

"You shall not do so," said the grandmother, firmly. "When have the Kuan family ever sold their daughters? She and I will go together to the river. Then there will be only four mouths, and perhaps next month the officials will feed more people."

The wail of the baby interrupted her. Little Spring was coming across the yard.

"The foreigner has come!" she called. "He stands on the temple steps talking. Every one goes to hear him."

The family turned to the gate with one accord. The temple stood near by, and the foreigner was, indeed, talking to the crowd of villagers.

"The people in America have sent grain," he said. "There will not be much for each one—but enough to keep all this village alive until they send some more. All the men are to go and work on the new railway. The women and the children live at home and come every day to the temple. A man of the Jesus Church will distribute the food."

"It is good," said an old man in the crowd. "Forty-two years ago I ate the food of the Jesus Church in the P'ang Family Village, at the time of the great drought. As the Jesus Church men say, so will they do. Also there is no graft."

"No graft!" exclaimed the people nearest to him. "Why, then, do they do this deed for us strangers?"

"Perhaps he will tell us soon," said the old man, looking towards the American, who was now giving some directions to the village elders. "It was many years ago that I heard, and I am an old man and have forgotten much. But there was talk of one Jesus, who pitied all men. He it is whom they follow."

Little Winter still sat by the gate when they returned. "Last year," she was saying, "there were sometimes peanuts. Last year—"

"You are making a mistake," said her father, bending over her. "Say it this way now—always this way: '*Next* year there will be porridge. Next year there will be vegetables. Next year there will be white bread.'"

II—WHAT CHINA MAY GAIN FROM FAMINE

BY SYDNEY GREENBIE

FAMINES, floods, plagues, wars within and invasions from without have tested the soul and the strength of China and its agglutinated provinces from time out of mind, but no single thing has ever come with such widespread yet intensive horror as the famine which is now devastating the greater part of the five most important northern provinces. Joseph through his interpretation of dreams saved Egypt from one such scourge. But though aliens have been prophesying this present situation in China by way of a suggested remedy for years, China has walked right into it as though still in a dream. For two years the actual danger of a food shortage hung over the northern lands. First came the floods filling the saucer-like plains. Then, as though the heavens had been drained dry, there followed uninterrupted drought lasting over two years. Every blade of grass has shriveled in the burning sun. What this has meant to the hundred million people in that region will be seen later. In the meantime the geographical conditions which caused it justify a digression to the extent of a paragraph or two.

The present famine in China spreads over the greater part of five provinces—Shantung in the east, Chihli northwest of it, Honan southwest of it, Shansi in the far west, with Shensi south of it. Together they comprise an area of some 390,000 square miles, which is remarkably close to the combined area of North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas, our five great prairie and wheat-producing States. The ratio of population, however, is more startling, for, while these five States contain about 7,000,000 people, these five provinces in China, according to one computation, have more people than the entire United States. Like our States above mentioned, the five Chinese provinces are said to have been at one time the bed of a great inland water; but, unlike ours, they are closer to the sea. In consequence, their geographical status has not yet become stable. The great rivers which course through the central part of them have changed their beds several times, completely altering the topography of the country. Geographers claim that the process of forming the land is not yet over. This means that no man living there knows how long nature will tolerate him or when he will be summarily dispossessed. This means that all efforts at permanently building dikes against floods or irrigation works against drought are speculative in the extreme. It means that into the psychology of the Chinese there has been deeply graven the lessons of fate and the conviction that life is the most impermanent of things.

The implications of this are far reaching. They account in part for the spirit of the Chinese in face of famine, such as has been torturing them these past five months. Inured to a devastating destiny, always on the verge of starvation, the ground literally swept from under them, they have learned to face the unknown beyond with what Westerners call fatalism and to yield "lazily" to conditions which with us would arouse violence.

Yet year after year for at least five thousand years of recorded Chinese history the people of these regions, especially Shantung, have plowed in the face of nature's opposition and planted in the hope that nature would not again desert them. Time and again they have been disappointed. In 1877–8 the cost

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Photograph from China Famine Fund

A YOUNG CHINESE MAN CARRYING HIS AGED FATHER IN SEARCH OF FOOD

of disaster amounted to nearly nine million lives—the toll of famine. Since then another famine has occurred coincident with the political upheaval and the coming of the Republic—1911. Then it was that the Red Cross proposed a gigantic engineering project which would have taken some forty years to accomplish. It was never launched. So to-day we see what inaction means and what it is certain to mean unless the entire world interested in what China has to offer takes the matter in hand and helps her out of this age-long sorrow.

What is seen in China is this: Normally in these five provinces there should be at least two full yields a year. Even at that, the majority of the people have barely enough to keep body and soul together. But the years since 1918 have seen not even one full harvest, and much of the seed has either been wasted through planting or has been consumed to escape starvation. With these ever-increasing and recurring floods and famines, few farmers ever succeed in raising two normal crops in five years. This last year nothing has been harvested—at most one per cent of the normal—and a conservative estimate says that in consequence forty-five million people are facing starvation. Since the coming of winter ten to fifteen thousand of them are daily dying of hunger, cold, and typhus. Those who are on the ground claim that before the next crop can possibly be harvested in the coming June from ten to fifteen million will have succumbed, and millions of others will be reduced to a precarious state through undernourishment and exposure.

To ward off starvation the millions of poor have resorted to the consumption of bark from trees. The leaves had been stripped long before the blasts of winter had arrived. A blade of grass no sooner makes its appearance than it is literally pounced upon by a starving Chinese, though few now have the energy to so vital a pursuit of food. The chaff of former harvests is now being mixed with roots and peanut cake (after the oil has been extracted) and with ground corn-cobs, and even potato leaves.

Famine is famine, and nothing one says can add or detract from it. A great number of comparisons have been made to bring home to this world of ours the reality of the famine in China. According to a composite of estimates, between ten and fifteen million people are doomed, even with all the aid the most sanguine expect from the outer reaches of the world. The picture that has come to us dates back some weeks or months. A vast, seething multitude of weary, fearful men, women, and children are selling their few possessions at unjustly low prices—their "extra" clothing, their household utensils, the wood from the roofs of their houses, and the animal or two; selling and moving on to imaginary places of security. Children have been murdered or sold by their parents to relieve themselves of the physical and emotional burden they were upon them. Men of some vigor have left their families behind in the hope of finding work to do. What happened to the "deserted" is no conjecture. A seething world of human beings, like a beehive broken into.

Most of us have at one time or another read romantic accounts of famines. Foremost among these is that of Egypt. But the picture of Jacob arriving in Egypt with his asses and the gifts of spices and fruits with which the old patriarch sought to placate Joseph makes one wonder how they and famine got along together. I have heard no such accounts of conditions in the famine area of China.

For these Chinese there is no Egypt to which they can go. On the borders guards have been stationed to refuse admission to the wandering, starving hordes. Even Manchuria, which is every year a haven of promise to thousands, has been shut to them—Manchuria, which is their own land. So back from the Manchurian border press the thousands who had exhausted themselves getting there.

Back to what? Back to starvation and exploitation. For some of the almost unbelievable accounts of exploitation are part and parcel of the problem of China, as of the rest of the world. Pawnbrokers have exhausted their funds in many regions buying up the odds and ends of things the poor have sold at prices next to nothing; panderers in women are buying up young girls and even wives, many of whom prefer death. Even the officials are not free from taking advantage of famine to fatten their own purses. So much so that some Chinese cannot believe that any one is disinterested enough to offer aid without ulterior motives. And, indeed, there is an atom of truth in this suspicion.

Can it, then, be marveled at that when Japan offered to sell half a million bushels of rice to wheat and millet eating Chinese, payment of which was to be made by way of a loan, the Chinese hesitated? One wonders further how overpopulated Japan, importing much of her rice from India and other places could spare so much without making the price prohibitive. To counteract these unsavory impressions, generous Japanese have raised a fund of nearly half a million yen for distribution among the sufferers. And more far-seeing Japanese, among them the proprietors of the somewhat liberal paper the "Yomiuri," are advocating whole-hearted assistance as a means of regaining the friendship of the Chinese, lost to them through the famous Twenty-one Demands and the rape of Shantung. Nothing would further good relations all around more than this, and China's sorrow might easily become a means of her rejuvenation. Many Chinese objected to the loan of any money to the present officials in China by the Powers in the Consortium.

Other nations are seeing the great possibility in this method of generous aid. The British Minister to China recently

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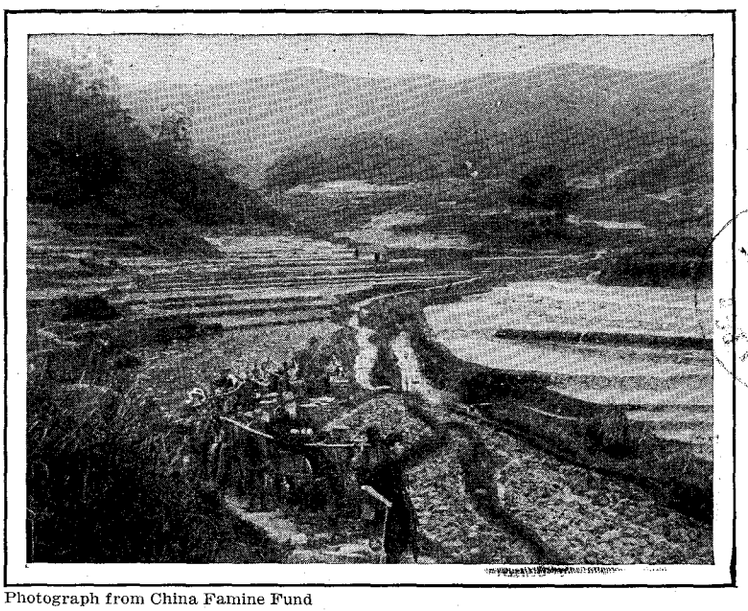
pointed out how even to this day Chinese in distant places express their heart-felt appreciation of the help Great Britain and British subjects rendered famished China forty-three years ago. America has gained much from the return of the Boxer Indemnity funds for educational purposes to China, and today the work we are doing in connection with this famine is bound to make an everlasting impression on the hearts and minds of the Chinese.

As I pointed out in the beginning, China is inured to natural catastrophe, a training which has deeply affected the psychology of the people. But, on the other hand, it has made her ready to accept the friendship of aliens with child-like simplicity, or to resent invasion with a ferocity that might even be called majestic. While, on the one hand, the Chinese plow their fields with the slow, plodding water-buffalo all day long, returning home to tinker on into the night at little jobs, living in little mud houses, making tasty food out of anything that happens to be around; on the other hand, their application makes of their land an enormously productive one. Just as they can turn anything to edible food, so can they manufacture things with little inventions that have not been excelled by the most modern of machines. As a race they are physically much more stalwart than the Orientals we are here accustomed to see, and require twice as much food as the Japanese, for instance. Imagine, then, what this famine must mean to an active, large-bodied people. Contrast, in your minds, the verdant, rolling plains during the fat years with the withered fields under these terribly lean ones.

Let us contrast, further, even though it may seem a bit visionary, what the prospect is for China with Powers around her who, though impelled by self-interest to assist her development, realize that that very motive dictates a united and not an intriguing and divided



Photograph from China Famine Fund

TERRACED FIELDS ORDINARILY IRRIGATED, BUT NOW DRIED BY DROUGHT

The man in the foreground is of considerable wealth, as is indicated by his being carried on the shoulders of four coolies

self-interest. These same fields over which there are but few railways, and only footpaths, so to speak, where wide roads should be, can be made to yield treble what they have so far produced. Where now are only wells which periodically go dry there could be, and will be, tremendous reservoirs built with native labor, but with machines and knowledge from abroad. Vagrant rivers will be straightened to avoid the usual floods.

Considerable reconstruction work is now being carried on with famine funds. Starving men are given work building roads. That is only a beginning. But with the famine bringing all foreign Powers into accord on at least one point, a nucleus might be formed for greater and greater international co-operation in China. The Red Cross should be urged to push the project long ago considered most advisable for the dredging of canals, the straightening of rivers, the surveying for railway beds. It is spending half a million dollars in Shantung for relief; millions more are being given from America through various agencies to succor the starving; Japan, Great Britain, France—all people who are vitally interested in China and who are making tremendous money every year in trade (America's trade alone amounted to $350,000,000 last year)—are seeing to it that these funds are being put to constructive work in China which shall be permanent, and not merely temporary, relief. It is a great lesson in co-operation for good, on almost altruistic lines, and leaves one with the hope that China is not forever going to be the teapot in the tempest of international greed.

Photograph from China Famine Fund

THE WHEAT LINE—CHINESE OBTAINING FOOD FROM THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

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THE BOOK TABLE

AN ASTONISHING AMERICAN COMMONPLACE

BY MURIEL HARRIS

IN the great European libraries—Paris, Berlin, London, Frankfort—you work as a student. You obtain formal permission; you are admitted with due ceremony; you can make inquiries at the central desk, which are very courteously answered; sometimes you can take books home and sometimes you can't. In any case, your studentship carries you through—even if you are only reading novels or a guide to the turf. By virtue of being a student you are admitted to the charmed circle of books; you have become a member of a bibliographical aristocracy.

In the New York libraries you *may* be a student. Quite as often you are a mere parent, a business woman, a loiterer—even a child. You may want Westermarck on "Human Marriage" or you may merely want an "easy" book—which is to say that you are not all too sure of your spelling and don't like long words. But it doesn't matter. You are equally a citizen of an enchanted country in which naturalization is automatic, in which there is room for everybody, in which everybody, no matter who, is made more than welcome. The enchanted kingdom is served, not by officials whose officialdom reminds you all the time of the privilege that is yours, but by hosts and hostesses, who regard your visit as something eminently desirable. It is this attitude on the part of the authorities which is the greatest among many differences between the libraries of the Old World and the New.

The European has still to get over the monastic attitude with regard to books—an attitude acquired when they were scarce, for one thing, and also when knowledge was deemed a dangerous weapon. Seekers after knowledge at the great libraries are given facilities, but they are not specially helped and encouraged to make use of them. Methods exist chiefly because they have existed, and man is made for the method rather than the method for the man. It is significant that in England the term "free library" is used rather than "public library," as is the case in New York. And, like most "free" things, the "free" library has a less proud suggestion about it than has the "public" library. The children's room as it exists in New York is in England almost unknown. Libraries, indeed, are provided liberally, dumped down here and there, as if they were pieces of furniture necessary for the respectability of the family, but not to be used too much. Except in settlements there is hardly any attempt to teach or help people how to use them, and in small towns, indeed, they are apt to become something of a white elephant.

New York of course started its libraries free from the monastic tradition. With its cosmopolitan population, it had to make wide provision, and it did it. In the absence of a specially student aristocracy, it had to evolve a system which would apply with the utmost breadth. With its Babel of languages, that system had to be as simple as possible. To work at the British Museum or at the Sorbonne is a liberal education—always provided that you have education in the first instance. Both would be nearly impossible of access to the casual Syrian or Jew or Italian or Bohemian or any other of the multitudinous nationalities that frequent New York who have not the best facilities either for making themselves understood or for making themselves felt. The British Museum, for instance, with its world-famous collection of books, has a system of cataloguing to decipher which is in itself a science. Instead of the card index of the New York libraries, there are huge tomes, which are sometimes more alphabetical and sometimes less, according to the number of insertions recently made. The press marks, instead of being composed of two or three letters, are as long as a government filing reference, and as easily mistaken. In addition to the great general catalogue there are sundry supplementary catalogues, all of which need to be known and quite often to be consulted. And when the whole ceremony is complete, it is usually half an hour before the books appear. In the reading-room itself, with its picturesque if murky atmosphere, with its ancient students and its well-known literary figures most days to be seen there, with the great dome reducing its readers to the mere specks that they are, a certain number of books can be approached by the readers themselves. But not nearly as many as is the case in the New York library, where as many books as possible are on open shelves to be fingered and selected according to pleasure.

To be able to walk into the reading-room without formality is in itself an almost unheard-of thing in Europe. To obtain almost any book in ten minutes or so makes possible much reading for otherwise busy people. To have the simplest method in filling out the book slips saves time both for the visitor and the attendant. And to have a large degree of choice, where you can freely look at the book yourself and need not judge of its usefulness merely from the title, offers all the advantages of a first-class private library.

The New York library has of course the inestimable advantage of being really central, and working with branches. One of the most impressive things about the whole system is the co-operation possible between center and branches. In Paris and London, for instance, libraries are in water-tight compartments. If you want medical books, you go to one kind of library; you cannot be sure of obtaining them at the great central libraries, and if you do, they are mostly not up to date. Again, if you live in Chelsea, London, you obtain a reader's ticket for the free library; but if you move to Bloomsbury, London, the Chelsea ticket has no significance and you have to begin all over again in Bloomsbury. It follows that there is no interchange of books between such self-contained institutions. If the book isn't there, it simply isn't there. In actual practice, a high state of efficiency as regards book purchase exists in the various libraries in London, but this is in spite of, rather than because of, any system in the matter. Also of course it means a great deal of duplication, and money thus spent might well be devoted to salaries and the insuring of a better type of librarian. Now in New York State I have worked continuously at Forty-second Street and also in the library of a little town of some six or seven thousand inhabitants. What do I find? If I want a book that does not chance to be available, the central library obtains it for me from one of the branches where it happens to be visiting. Incidentally a central filing system enables this to be done in the shortest possible time. In the country-town library I find many special books that I ask for. When I want a book that is not there, the librarian, not being dependent upon a little-town grant, has only to send up to Albany to get it from the State library there.

Most impressive perhaps of all to the foreigner are the facilities offered by the traveling libraries in country districts. There is a fascinating suggestion of George Borrow in these itinerant libraries, all worked from the center and bringing books to those who cannot come to the books. European countries, being on a smaller scale, have not of course quite the same need for such an institution. To them it sounds more like a Utopian scheme than an actual working system readily accepted in the Newer World as a matter of course.

In Europe, again, the lending library is conducted in quite a different spirit from that obtaining in New York. To be lent books is something of a privilege, and many safeguards are adopted. There is far more of a feeling over there that man is made for books and not books for man. Either you may pay—and pay quite heavily—for the loan of a number of books or you can borrow two, or at most three, from the free libraries in England. In France there is still more formality. There is nothing of the gladness of lending—because it contributes towards the general standard of education—which obtains in the New York institutions. Also the few books obtainable cannot compare with

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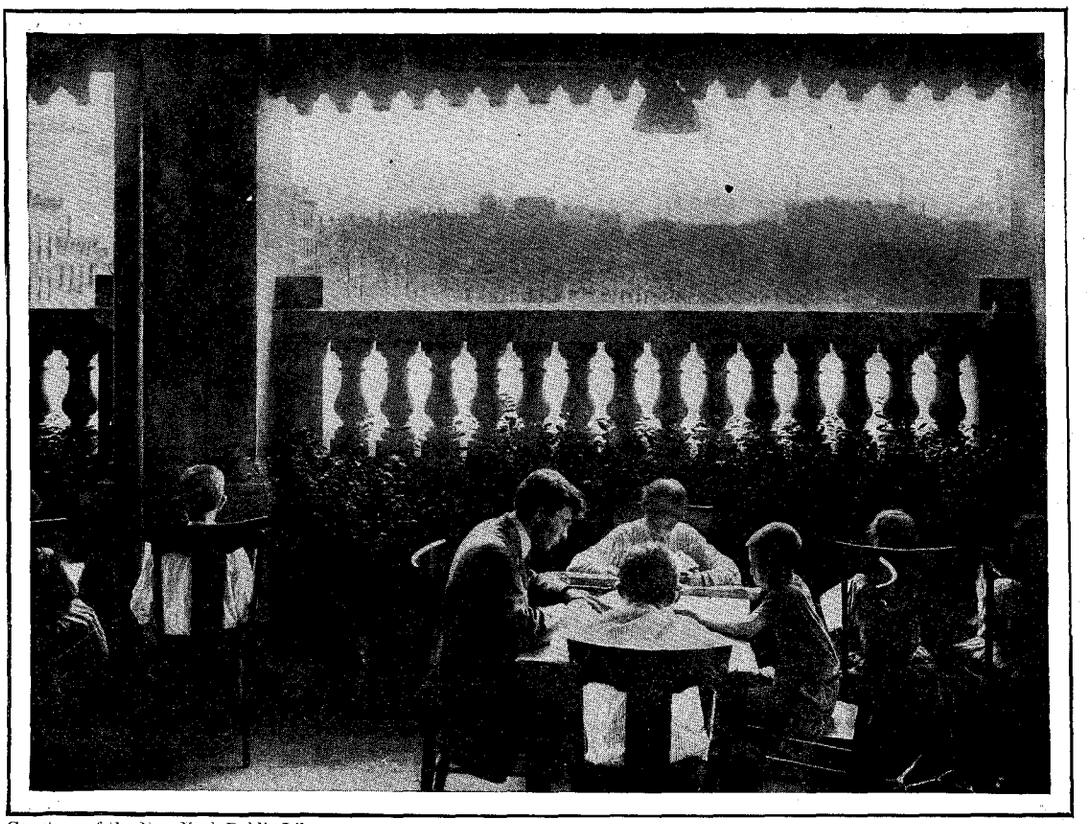
Courtesy of the New York Public Library

A PICTURE-BOOK CORNER IN THE CENTRAL CHILDREN'S ROOM, NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Courtesy of the New York Public Library

ON THE ROOF AT SEWARD PARK BRANCH OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. THE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE DEEP IN FAIRY TALES, WHILE THE MAN IS STUDYING FOR THE REGENTS' EXAMINATIONS

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the generous half-dozen at a time which are open to the borrower here.

Much has already been written about the comparatively new feature of the children's rooms in American libraries. It is with full consciousness of the danger of repetition that I give the point of view of the foreigner with regard to a system which goes to the whole root of the matter of book education. In England and in Holland the children's room has here and there made headway. But it is by no means a matter of course, and there is ever present the suggestion, not that books must be taken care of but that they must not be spoiled. In such institutions as exist for children the books are nearly always behind wires and there is none of the joy of loitering round the shelves, of taking out one volume and then another, and, finally, of finding both advice and sitting accommodation made to order for you. The American method of giving advice too strikes me most forcibly. It is never thrust upon the child. There is nothing pedagogic about it. The child is never required to improve his mind as a condition of citizenship in this most delightful of all worlds. Yet the connection between library and school, which in Europe is practically unknown, is in actuality the most naturally educative factor that could possibly be conceived of. Many Carnegie libraries have been bestowed upon Great Britain; some have been refused by the small-town authorities. Why? Because nobody knew how to use them and complaint was made that they were frequented merely for the sporting news in the newspaper room. To the uninitiated, the library is bound to be a hieroglyph until the Rosetta stone of knowledge is forthcoming. But when you are actually sent from your school to your own library in your own children's room to see what you can find, say, about the War of 1812, or Abraham Lincoln, or the great rivers of America, and when a benign being in the center of the room comes down to earth and initiates you in the whole joy of hunt-the-slipper through encyclopædias or dictionaries or histories or what not, why then you have started along the road to knowledge, not through dreary, unintelligible wastes, but along a golden path with a rainbow at the end of it. And last—but this is by no means the least point—that same benign being will not be too hard upon you if your borrowed book, having traversed the whole family, is perhaps not quite as fresh as when it started upon its career. Only reasonable care is demanded, since it is held that knowledge is worth paying for.

It is difficult to determine whether the great difference between the American libraries which I have seen and those of the Old World was produced by the unusually cosmopolitan condition of America or the absence of moribund precedent. Whatever it was, the full influence of this difference has yet to be felt—upon those succeeding generations who begin their library career in the public school. Just now it is probably only the foreigner, the outsider, accustomed to the limitations of good things at home, who can most fully appreciate the value of opening up to all and sundry, irrespective of race or creed, the thought of the world, the whole kingdom of the mind.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

BRIDE OF MISSION SAN JOSE (THE). By John Augustine Cull. The Abingdon Press, New York.

"Long years, and happy ones, they lived, and their descendants, now of the third and fourth generation, bless their memory." This finale indicates that this is an old-fashioned novel, with plenty of incident, love-making, and courtly language. As such, it will no doubt be well liked by many younger novel-readers.

FIRESIDE STORIES FOR GIRLS IN THEIR TEENS. By Margaret W. Eggleston. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Stories of a religious tendency, by a practiced story-teller, which may have an excellent influence on minds in the formative stage.

BIOGRAPHY

DIARY OF A FORTY-NINER (A). Edited by Chauncey L. Canfield. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

This is described as "an authentic first-hand account of California's life in the golden days of '49." Taking it as such, it is lively, entertaining, and realistic. To be of real historical value it would require more authentication than the editor vouchsafes.

SAINT COLUMBA OF IONA. By Lucy Menzies. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

The life of this peaceful Irish saint makes interesting reading at the present time when his native land is torn by dissension. This book, by a devoted admirer, attempts to set forth in connected form the facts and legends given in the early lives of Saint Columba, together with the material found through the researches of modern scholars.

WAYS OF THE CIRCUS (THE). Being the Memories and Adventures of George Conklin. Set Down by Harvey W. Root. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York.

This volume contains many entertaining reminiscences of the forty years of Mr. Conklin's life spent in the circus world.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

HUMAN MACHINE AND INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY (THE). By Frederic S. Lee, Ph.D., LL.D. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

As Dr. Lee says, scientific management is to be highly commended for what it has accomplished in organizing the administration of industry and in improving the material equipment with which industry works. But in its dealings with the human machine it falls far short of an ideal. And yet any activity in which the human body plays as large a part as it does in industry should, as this author believes, be organized on a physiological basis if the highest degree of efficiency is to be secured. To the qualifications of the human machine, however, the manager of industry usually does not pay much preliminary attention; he hires labor with but little previous examination. We learn from this very suggestive volume how such a method imposes both upon the quantity and quality of the manufactured product the possibility of failure.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

AMERICA TRIUMPHANT UNDER GOD AND HIS CHRIST. By Kitty Cheatham. G. P Putnam's Sons, New York.

The author of this little book is widely known both in this country and in Europe as an interpreter of songs of childhood. She is more successful as a singer than as a metaphysician. Indeed, we doubt whether this little volume, which is a plea for the application of the metaphysical ideals of Christian Science to government and social life, will be wholly welcomed by even the most loyal of Christian Scientists, for it is enthusiastic to the point of extravagance. The many tributes which Miss Cheatham pays to Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson will adequately explain to Christian Scientists why this fine-spirited but not very judicious piece of special pleading does not bear the imprint of the Christian Science organization, but is published through ordinary trade channels.

WAR BOOKS

OUR AIR FORCE. By William Mitchell. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

General Mitchell presents in this book a timely appeal to Americans to organize an efficient aviation force. He tells how it should be done and how we are failing to do it. The book should rouse every patriotic reader to energetic effort.

YANKEE MINING SQUAD (THE); or, LAYING THE NORTH SEA MINE BARRAGE. By Captain Reginald R. Belknap, U. S. N The United States Naval Institute, Annapolis.

The laying of the North Sea mine barrage marked an epoch in the use of submarine mines. Here we have an account of this and some other great accomplishments in the war. Mere technical details are suppressed in this book by the commander of the squadron which laid the North Sea barrage. Those who have traveled by the coast passenger steamer Massachusetts between Boston and New York will be interested in knowing that this fine boat was transformed into the twenty-knot mine-layer Shawmut.

SPORT AND ATHLETICS

INTER-ALLIED GAMES (THE). PARIS, 22D JUNE TO 6TH JULY, 1919. Published by the Games Committee.

Members of the A. E. F. will like this book for the memories of the Pershing Stadium which it will revive; American athletes of all classes will be interested in the careful descriptions of events and participants; and even the general reader, who may be inclined to skip accounts of athletic meets, will find interest in the numerous pictures and the descriptions of the background of the Inter-Allied games.

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THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

OSWEGATCHIE'S DISTINCTION

A FEW years ago a beautiful grove of hard and soft woods, many of giant nature, several acres in extent and situated on the Oswegatchie River about five miles from the city of Ogdensburg, was sold to a couple of woodsmen, who were about to "lumber the tract" and leave a barren waste. Regret was expressed up and down the countryside and four public-spirited citizens of the town of Oswegatchie "bought off" the woodsmen by paying a handsome profit over their purchase. At next town-meeting day the property was offered to the town for its exact cost, with the understanding that it was to be forever used as a pleasure-ground for the townspeople. The proposition was voted almost unanimously, and, if I am correctly informed, the town of Oswegatchie has the distinction of being the only township in the State of New York which owns and supports a public park.

It has been a great success. The cost of upkeep is trifling, and thousands of citizens of the town visit it every year for rest and recreation. The action of this township in northern New York is worth copying, for there are natural beauty spots all over the State, and the trees thus saved will stretch their branches heavenward in stately though mute thankfulness that they have been spared to shelter mankind and offer comradeship to those who find a delight in communion with nature.

JOHN C. HOWARD.

Ogdensburg, New York.

CAN A DEMOCRAT PULL IN A REPUBLICAN TEAM?

IN your issue of January 26, on an editorial page, sound principles of Cabinet making are laid down; and in another column Nicholas Roosevelt in somewhat dictatorial language lays out part of a Cabinet framework.

Without question the Republican party is divided on several issues, and President-elect Harding has no easy task before him in forming a Cabinet that will do successful team-work. He needs the qualifications of the driver of the traditional twenty-mule team hauling borax rather than the nice tools of the maker of fine furniture.

If, as Mr. Roosevelt seems to prescribe, the Cabinet is made up of a representative from each of the factions which, although as yet unexpressed and unorganized, really constitute our party, it will require the highest grade of professional mule-skinner to make its members pull together.

The importance of team-work, as stated in the editorial referred to, must be recognized and put before every other consideration. For two years lack of team-work in our Government at Washington has disgraced this country at home and abroad, to the disgust of all thoughtful people. It is hoped that different results will follow from the late election.

As a suggestion that I have not so far seen, what does The Outlook think of Robert Lansing for Secretary of State?

J. P. SNOW.

Boston, Massachusetts.

> "THERE
> IS
> NO
> NEED
> FOR
> ME
> TO
> DETAIL
> EVERY
> INCIDENT"
>
> "*WESTWARD HO*"

INVITATION RESPECTFULLY DECLINED WITH THANKS

ONE of my best friends (?)
Cuts out your write up,
Which to me he sends,
On "Li'l' Old New York"—Jan. 19, I mean,
Where you take a slam at our prize-fight scene.

Understan' I ain't sore, and this ain't no kick,
But I can't, on me oath, get an editor hick
Like yourself, who says, Houck and me is flukes
And that we don't know how "to put up our dukes."

Sam Forrest, Glendinning, and me, we all dug
Down in books, and in prints, and then got a pug,
Who's father's father's father at school,
Had learned the dope on LONDON PRIZE RULE.

We rehearsed every pass, every stand, every pose,
And thought we was right. We didn't suppose
There was a man livin' so wise and who knew
How they fought then
Back in 1810,
But it seems, Gov., it seems that YOU do.

You say you *can* see how when eight times a week
We mix it up easy and play hide and seek—
Well, this is an invite, but I've got a hunch
You'll refuse to be target for Tommy's pet punch.

But, if you are game, you can pinch hit for me
Just once, and I think when you stop one you'll see
That mixed with the laughs there's a couple of groans,
And this writer's acquainted with iodine —Sloan's—
And arnica.
(NOTE: Read ads for aches and pains.)

It looks like a joke to the fellow that sits
Out in front, but not to the bird that "gits"
The clout and the fall.
And it ain't on the level for to roast and abuse
The gink that's doin' his best to amuse,
That's me burden—that's all.

If that fight
Ain't right
Show us how—be a sport—er—
Withdraw your wise cracks.

Respectfully,
PAUL PORTER,
"Bully Boy Brewster."

New York City.

IDEALS AND FAITH UNDER LOCK AND KEY

I WANT to congratulate Dr. Abbott on his broad-mindedness as expressed in his article "Free Thought," in the February 2 number of The Outlook.

I trust his correspondents who took him to task for inserting the Ingersoll advertisement are wiser and less dogmatic than they were a week ago.

Any person who gets his information on any subject from a negative source is bound to be misinformed; so I have felt perfectly justified in reading any author who through his knowledge and force of character commanded a large audience.

I have always felt that, if my ideals and faith were not safe unless under the lock and key of some censor, it didn't make much difference whether I retained them or not. I feel the same way regarding our Government, our courts, our business principles—that if they cannot stand under the spot-light of honest criticism without cringing and crying for help there is something wrong somewhere, and any one who is afraid to read Ingersoll, Lenine, or any of the so-called radicals, whether on economic or religious subjects, hasn't very much faith to lose.

H. N. BARTLETT.

Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania.

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

The Frenchness of the French

HAS France made any unique contributions to civilization? If so, what are they? Has the United States made any original contributions to civilization? If so, compare them with the French.

On another page of this issue Miss Hemming tells us that France is not a country of promise, that there are "no dazzling promises for the future" for France, and that there are few real opportunities for even the ambitious in France. Has this been your impression of France?

If the writer has described France accurately, how is such a state of affairs to be accounted for?

Do you think America will ultimately become what Miss Hemming maintains France now is, or are you of the opinion that the United States will ever remain ambitious and continue to afford great possibilities of achievement for her citizens?

The writer of this article characterizes the American people as obsessed of the idea "that the almighty dollar is the chief end of man." This, we are told, is rather a common opinion in Europe about America. Could you prove that this is not the dominant American aim?

Do you think that the sending of public men of note unofficially from one country to another, as is true of a few nations now in a limited way, should be extensively and officially adopted by all nations? What reasons can you advance for your answer? Would you be willing to have our Federal Government spend considerable money for this purpose? Could you name four or five Americans who are specially qualified for such a mission?

Define the following: *Banality, paradox, preoccupied, obsessed, fungus, histrionic, insatiable, innate, vender, naiveté, coterie, paradoxical, monstrosity, feudalism, proverbially.*

If you have not done so already, you certainly should read "American Ideals, Character, and Life," by H. W. Mabie (Macmillan). The following books are also of particular value for the study of this topic: "A Short History of France," by Mary Duclaux (Putnams); "Contemporary French Politics," by R. L. Buell (Appleton); "French Foreign Policy," by G. H. Stewart (Century).

Barrett Wendell

On another page of this issue The Outlook, in commenting upon Barrett Wendell and his work, speaks of the function of universities. Are the three phases of this function which are mentioned of equal importance? Discuss your answer.

What are the characteristics of a first-class teacher?

Should the attitude of the teacher toward his pupils be any different outside of the class-room from that within it?

Are all the students of a given school or college generally taught in about the same way? Should they be?

Can you think of any real improvements that could be made in your school or university?

Was education made for man or was man made for education? What is the difference between these two conceptions of education? From what The Outlook says, which of these two views do you think Barrett Wendell held? Which of the two has generally prevailed in the past? Which should prevail?

Is the work of the teacher appreciated as highly as it ought to be? What facts have you to back up your answer?

Industrial Government in Rochester

For what reasons are strikes and lockouts unsatisfactory methods of settling industrial disputes?

What are your reasons for believing or not believing that an industrial court, such as is in operation at Rochester, could be instituted and successfully operated in all of our industrial plants?

What points in the agreement between the Rochester clothing manufacturers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers impress you as being particularly reasonable and constructive?

Should the workers who invest their labor in their industries have just as much to say about the general conduct of those industries as the people who invest their money in them?

What are the points at issue between the New York clothing manufacturers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of that city? Would or would it not be a good thing if the New York manufacturers should succeed in destroying the clothing workers' union?

There are many workers who believe that all the product of labor belongs to the laborers. Can you show wherein such people are decidedly wrong in their economic reasoning?

Define accurately the following expressions: *Extenuating circumstances, normalcy, scientific management, financial crisis, salutary.*

A valuable new book dealing with the problem of managing labor is that entitled "Human Engineering," by Eugene Wera (Appleton); "The Economics of Progress," by J. M. Robertson (Dutton), is a book that will prove of great benefit to sane economic thinking. Have you yet read "A Short History of the American Labor Movement," by Mary Beard (Harcourt, Brace & Howe)? "The Six-Hour Shift and Industrial Efficiency" (Holt) is a good book to read in connec-

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

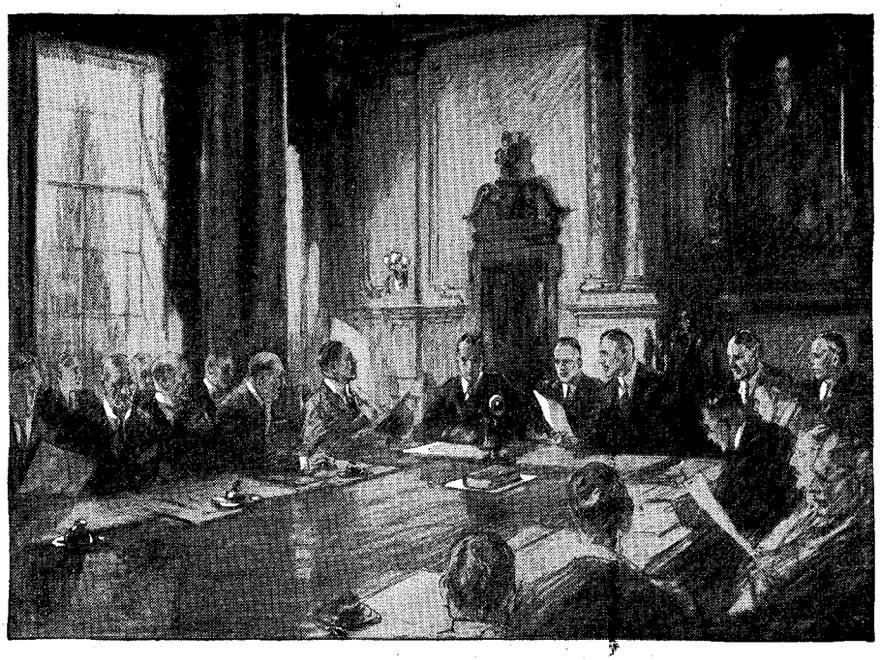
SYDNEY GREENBIE is an expert on Far Eastern affairs. He spent six years on various shores of the Pacific, including China, studying the interrelations of the people of the Pacific. He has been on the editorial staff of the Japan "Chronicle" and of "Asia." He is the author of "Japan, Real and Imaginary," an excellent critical study, reviewed last June in The Outlook. A second book by him on the peoples and problems of the Pacific is now in press. He made a special study of the Consortium and of the relations of American finance to China for the "World's Work." He contributed to The Outlook for July 30, 1919, an article on "Japan's Gains from the War."

LUCIA E. LYONS was born in Detroit, but was taken to Hawaii as a child, where her father had been born in one of the early missionary homes. She was later appointed a missionary of the American Board and asked to be sent to China. She spent seven years in the province of Shantung, on the great plain of North China, where she had charge of a girl's boarding-school in a country village, and became thoroughly familiar with the peasant life of the Chinese. She is again in America and lives in Detroit.

DORIS HEMMING, whose illuminating discussion of French character appears in this issue, is a member of the American newspaper colony in Paris. She was formerly on the editorial staff of the Montreal "Star." One critic who has read her "Le Français Inconnu" declares that he does not remember anything except Brownell's "French Traits" that has the same power of analysis of the French.

PAUL BLANSHARD writes from Rochester, New York. He is identified with the Rochester Joint Board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

HENRY HOYT MOORE, whose camera study of the gargoyles of Notre Dame Cathedral, in Paris, appears on the cover of this issue, has traveled extensively in France, England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Switzerland. He is art manager of The Outlook. Although born in Algona, Iowa, Mr. Moore has lived in New York since the age of five. He took this picture of himself by pointing his camera at a dark corner, opening the shutter, and then taking his place before it.



On the Basis of Facts

The life of our country is built around its Public Utilities. Our social, industrial and Government activities could not exist today without the continued operation of their indispensable services.

That such services may be extended and developed to be of the greatest use to the greatest number, the Federal Government and practically all the states have appointed Public Service Commissioners as permanent tribunals to regulate public utilities with fairness to all concerned.

Facts as to the past and studies as to the future, the Bell Companies find are essential to the proper management and development of their business. This information is open to study by these Commissioners and through them by the public generally.

The solution of the problem of building up and maintaining the public utilities, which is of the greatest importance to the people of this country, is assured whenever all the facts are known and given their due weight.

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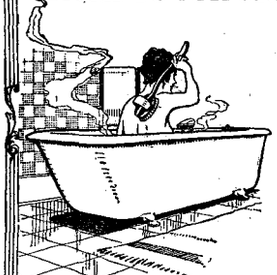

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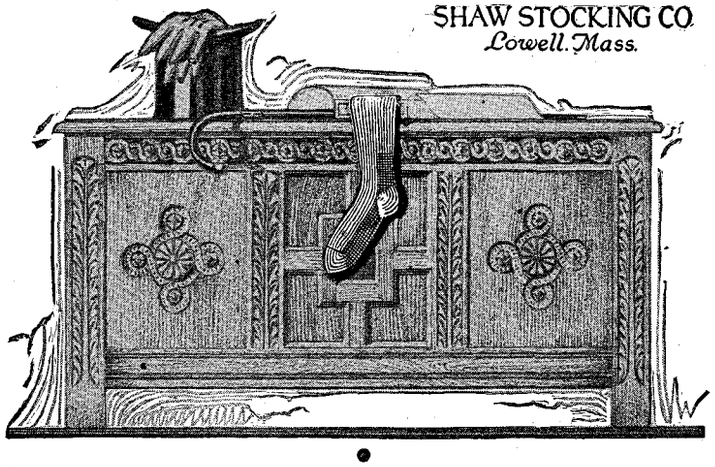

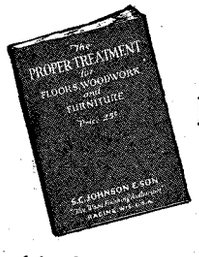

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THE INAUGURATION BIBLE

UNLESS President-elect Harding desires otherwise, he will take the oath of office as President of the United States upon a Bible provided for the purpose by Mr. James D. Maher, clerk of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The custom of the clerk of the Supreme Court providing the inaugural Bible goes far back into American history, and with a very few exceptions the Book upon which the President takes his oath has been furnished by that official. President Cleveland was one of the later-day exceptions, being sworn in upon a Bible which had belonged to his mother. This was at Mr. Cleveland's own request, and was a tribute to his mother's memory. Another exception of even more recent date was President Wilson, who took the oath as President upon the same Bible used in his inauguration as Governor of New Jersey. In connection with Mr. Wilson's last inauguration it is not generally known that he was sworn in twice—once informally, on March 4, which fell upon Sunday, and again publicly at the regular inaugural ceremonies, on Monday, March 5. The same procedure was followed in the case of the inauguration of President Hayes. In this instance the double ceremony was performed to guard against any irregularity, as it was feared there might be a move on the part of the defeated candidate, Samuel J. Tilden, to have Mr. Hayes's inauguration declared illegal.

The clerk of the Supreme Court holds the Bible during the inaugural ceremonies, and carefully notes for future reference the verses upon which the new President's lips touch when he kisses the Book. After the President has been sworn in the Bible is inscribed by the Chief Justice of the United States, and his signature is attested by the clerk of the Court, after which it has been the custom for the clerk of the Court to deliver the Book to the wife of the President.

Clerk of the Supreme Court Maher has already procured the Bible upon which Mr. Harding, unless he arranges otherwise, will take the oath. It is a handsome black leather bound Oxford edition of the King James's Bible. After being suitably inscribed and attested, the Book will then be delivered by Mr. Maher to Mrs. Harding.

R. HATTON.

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The Girl He Didn't Want

For weeks he had been dreaming of her—he couldn't eat or sleep. But when he tried to tell her of his love, his knees wobbled, his voice died away in his throat—the words refused to come.

So finally, in desperation, he telephoned her nouse—and in a sudden access of courage he asked her to be his wife. And the voice at the other end of the wire as eagerly answered—"Yes."

Then he got there—*and it was the wrong girl!*

If you would read a tale of love different from any you have ever read before—if you would know perhaps the most fantastic courtship ever a girl had—read this absorbing tale of a man's love and—

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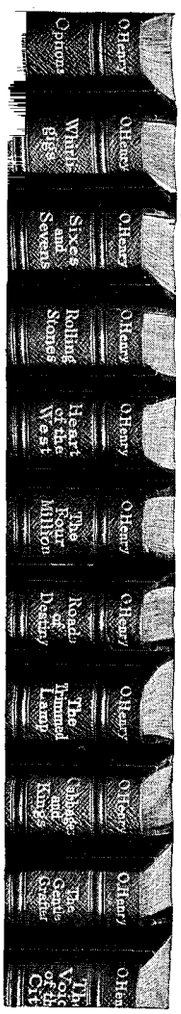

Once in many generations a man is born in whom burns the fire of heaven—the world calls such a man a genius. He flames into the world like a meteor. The heaven-given fire is his and urges him on. Of such was O. Henry. He has the vision of the seer. He sees into the hearts of men as though they were cased in glass.

He is the great teller of tales, and the power within him has given itself to the world in profusion and variety. He has given us more different kinds of wonderful stories than anyone who ever lived—there isn't a single page that is not a living, breathing entity. There is as much variety in them as in ten different authors. Each and every one of his stories is new and different—each with a new beginning—a new plot—a new and always unexpected ending—and so human—so full of humor and understanding—of laughter and tears.

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THE USEFUL DOLLAR

IF a group of one hundred Americans were asked to define their notion of what money is for, what would be the majority of the answers? If Americans are as most Europeans seem to consider them, the almost unanimous reply would be, "To spend." A thrifty Frenchman made the statement a few years ago that the United States would never attain its full possibilities of development until the American people realized that twenty-five cents is money. There is food for thought here. Few of us think that so small a sum is worth saving; only the rare individual considers a dollar as anything but a piece of paper which must be exchanged as speedily as possible for something else. How many people still buy War Savings Stamps? How many people have bought any since the armistice was signed? The American trait of spending shocked the Frenchman, whose countrymen are known the world over for their thrift. Some ten years ago one of our big railway corporations sold an issue of bonds in France, the interest and the principal payable in francs. The evening before the subscription books opened a line of people formed outside the offices, a line so long that it extended down into the street and around the corner; these

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in their applications for bonds when books opened. And many of them re buying hundred-franc ($20) bonds. d you ever hear of people standing in e all night in this country unless y wanted to see a baseball game? An- ıer Frenchman of our acquaintance ɔe told us that all his life he had de it a rule to save one-half his in- ne every year, no matter what its ɔ. Did you ever hear of an American ng such a thing? This Frenchman s able to retire at the age of forty- ' His savings had never been large any one time, but they had been ady, and that is what counts.

ıny one with a slight knowledge of thmetic can soon figure out what sav- s of twenty-five dollars a month uld amount to at the end of ten or een or twenty years, compound inter- calculated at 5 or 6 per cent. Inde- ıdence is not to be gained only as the ult of some big "killing." The pot gold at the end of the financial rain- ' is alluring but elusive and is not ıally found by accident, but most ɔn by the man who exercises thrift, o saves his money regularly, who is servative, who, in the words of the saying, pays attention to the dimes ı lets the dollars take care of them- ves. The man with a bank account ı an income derived from investments look the world in the face, unafraid. ıs his own master, he is independent, ı the benefits flowing to him from this ıe are immeasurable. His dollars are ful to him not only as media of ex- nge, but they are a safeguard for his age, a protection against want and, ɔt is still worse, charity. What is re, invested dollars are as useful to world in general as they are to the ıvidual who owns them. Every in- tor is a public benefactor.

company which finds its business wing and requires additional facili- to manufacture its product goes to bankers and arranges for a bond is- or a sale of stock, the proceeds to ıish capital for the desired improve- ıts. Those who buy the bonds or the res of stock are the ones who supply capital, and more and more those in ıch of it are looking to the great eral public rather than to a small up of rich men, as used to be the ɔ years ago. Progress is dependent large degree upon capital. Capital plies the means with which to build ways, dam rivers, erect power-houses, ıufacture goods, and obtain raw ma- als; with capital new enterprises can undertaken, work supplied for men women, and production made pos- e Production is the basis of all lth. Money in itself is worth noth- , only when it can be exchanged for ds does it acquire value, and only the on which produces the goods which world requires is wealthy. Mexico, ntially one of the richest countries he world, is in reality poor because ack of production. Due to her chang- and unstable governments, her credit ı other nations has been destroyed she cannot find the money to de- p her vast resources. If it were ıble for her to convince the re- ıder of the world that she was ıugh with revolutions and was going

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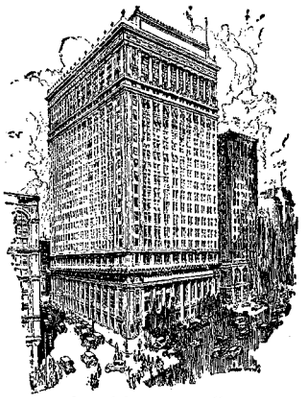

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During the past year the Financial Editor of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. A nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service.

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

to encourage and protect industry, capital would pour in to her, great enterprises would start up in all corners of her domain, work would be provided for her people, and they could quickly change from half-starved, ignorant peons into prosperous, well-fed, happy people. In the United States production is not held back through lack of a stable government; our industrial growth and expansion are determined by the people themselves—you and your neighbor. If all of us will save part of what we get and invest it in worth-while enterprises we shall go ahead by leaps and bounds. Saving and investing on the part of the individual is comparable to the practice of well-run business concerns of always putting a portion of the year's earnings back into the industry. This provides capital for expansion and a surplus for the rainy day; and if it is wise and prudent for a business concern to do this why not for an individual?

When a man buys bonds, he makes a contribution to the prosperity of the world. He is providing work, the fruits of which add to the resources of civilization, raise the standard of the world's living, and add to the sum of its comforts and pleasures. Invested dollars mean that business can be increased and production made greater. Greater production means that the wants of the world can be better satisfied. Now the wants of the world are almost limitless and in order to satisfy them work must be done and goods produced. Before work can be done capital must be furnished. During the war production reached a high point, but savings were at a minimum; it availed the world little to turn out a great quantity of goods and materials and then destroy them as soon as they were finished. It was like a man earning $10,000 a year from his business and then throwing $10,000 away instead of putting it to work again. It is one thing to earn money and another to dispose of it intelligently. Earnings are the fruit of production, savings the result of thrift. Dollars earned reach their full possibilities of usefulness only if they are invested properly, whether in goods or in securities. Dollars invested earn additional dollars not only for the investor, but for countless other people, and present and they too are enabled to invest, and these still others are benefited—an endless chain. Money makes money. A dollar is one of the most useful things in the world if regarded in the proper light, not merely as the means of gratifying some personal desire, but as a stimulus to production. The statement has often been made that Mr. Carnegie did more for the world when he was making his money than when he was giving it away. His libraries of course are monuments to generosity and far-sightedness and will afford pleasure and profit to people for generations to come; but when Mr. Carnegie was in active business he was furnishing employment to thousands of men, and thousands of families were living on the dollars earned in his business; the dollars they got were bein

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spent for food, clothing, rent, and the other necessities of life, and indirectly benefited untold thousands of other people. Mr. Carnegie made millions himself, but his profits were extremely small compared with the profits accruing to mankind as a result of his brains and industry. And what he did, a big capitalist, every one else can do in less degree—put his dollars into productive enterprises, reap a reward for himself and make it possible for many others to get rewards too. Idle dollars are no good to anybody; but is there anything more useful than dollars if they are put to work?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Please give me the date of incorporation of the American Cyanamid Company, the funded debt, the rate of the preferred dividend, and yield of this stock at present prices. Also earnings for the last fiscal year, showing total sales as compared with the year previous.

A. The American Cyanamid Company was incorporated July 22, 1907, in the State of Maine. It has no funded debt; preferred stock is cumulative and outstanding to the amount of $5,595,000. Dividends are at the rate of 6 per cent a year. Total sales for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1920, were $8,684,085, as against $6,205,386 for the preceding twelve months, and the percentage earned on the preferred stock was 19.09, compared with 13.12 for 1918–19. At its present market price this stock yields about 10.80 per cent.

Q. Please give me some information about the preferred stock of the American Tobacco Company. What has been the annual average earned on this stock in the past few years?

A. There is $52,699,700 of this stock outstanding out of $54,010,600 authorized. Ahead of it come approximately $35,000,000 of bonds and notes, while it is followed by about $90,000,000 of common stock, now paying 8 per cent dividends a year in scrip. In the past eight years the preferred dividend, which is 6 per cent cumulative, has been earned on an average of 4.39 times the requirements.

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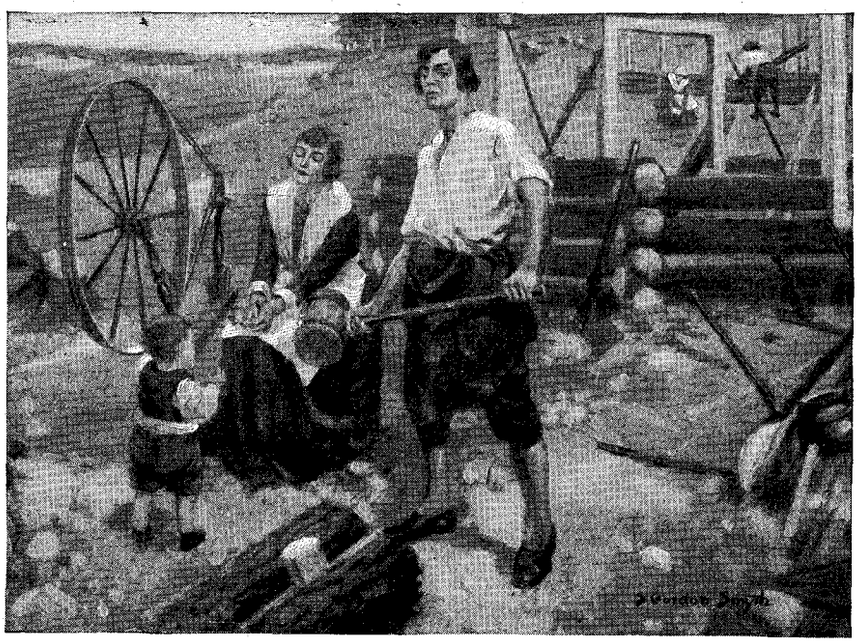

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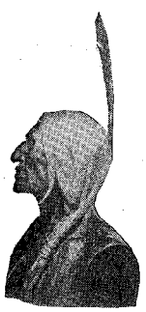

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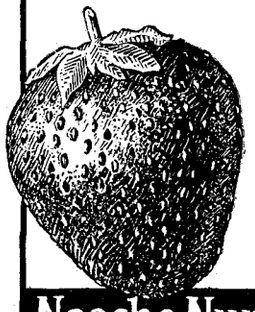

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BY THE WAY

A NEW YORK firm of furriers prints on its card "Established 1743." A furniture dealer says "Established 1807." The Caslon Type Foundry of London recently celebrated the 200th anniversary of its existence; it can still supply the fonts cut by William Caslon, the original founder of the firm. Are there any "going" businesses older than these?

An insurance company, according to a nautical magazine, refused to pay a policy on a British vessel, the Hydra, which disappeared in 1917, on the ground that there was no proof forthcoming that the ship had been lost by war risks. Unexpected proof of the vessel's fate has recently been furnished, in the shape of a photograph taken by one of the occupants of a German submarine at the moment the vessel was sunk. This picture supplied the necessary evidence, and the insurance company, it is stated, has been required to pay the amount claimed.

A New York City advertiser who believes that a partner should work begins his offer thus: "Wanted—A Business Associate with $25,000. NOT A CHAIR WARMER." The man must be "a live wire that is full of pep." Just how a wire can be surcharged with pepper is not explained.

"The sad level to which our need of teachers has reduced us," a subscriber writes, "is indicated by this letter recently received by an agency from a teacher who wants a position. She says. 'I took the Latin Course. Later dropped Latin and took Ancient Mid-Evil and Modern History.'"

"An original lumberjack in one of the forests of California," a reader says, "has discovered a new form of entertainment for lonesome woodsmen. There were many playful chipmunks around his hut, and he rigged up some greased poles for them to climb. These were smooth, round sticks about half an inch in diameter and four or five feet long driven in a log or in the ground. The upper ends were sharpened and a piece of meat or bread stuck on. The poles were then greased until they were nice and slippery. Those who have seen it say it is better than a circus to watch the chipmunks try to climb to the food on top and slide back down the slippery poles. After several unsuccessful attempts, the smart ones would roll around in the dirt and then try it over again. If they didn't succeed, they would receive a morsel, anyway, for the fun they had caused." Do chipmunks climb?

"The epigrams of famous men which you quote," a subscriber writes, "ought to include Goethe's words, 'More light,' Galileo's 'It [the world] moves nevertheless,' and perhaps, as a companion piece Brother Jasper's 'De sun do move;' Horace Greeley's 'Go West, young man,' Lincoln's 'A house divided against itself cannot stand;' Andrew Jackson's 'Our

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Federal Union—it must be preserved;' Wendell Phillips's 'One on God's side is a majority,' in apposition to Napoleon's 'God is on the side of the strongest battalions;' Mark Twain's 'Reports of my death are greatly exaggerated;' Herbert Spencer's 'Survival of the fittest;' Perry's 'We have met the enemy and they are ours;' and, of especial note for young Americans, Davy Crockett's 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead.'"

The complexities of the English language, says the "Spectator," "are illustrated by the message sent by a bridal pair, who, after arriving at a fashionable hotel, hired a boat and went out for a short excursion on the lake on which it was situated. The bridegroom wrote to the bride's mother on a postcard: "Arrived safely. Grand row after supper." "Oh dear," cried the mother when she read it; "they've quarreled already!"

There's many a slip between catching a lawbreaker and convicting him, according to the experience of Thomas E. Pratt, chief special agent of a great Western railway. "When a detective employed by a railway catches a thief in the act and arrests him," said Mr. Pratt before a shoe dealers' convention, "it is well-nigh impossible to bring about his conviction, for the simple reason that most shippers fail to keep records that will enable them to identify their shipments. If shippers would show the lining numbers of shoes on invoices, then identification could be established and no lawbreaker could escape. Court proceedings require positive identification to show that the shipment was in possession of the carrier and that the shoes recovered were the same shoes that were shipped." Much freight is lost *en route* in this way, it is said, and the guilty men escape to continue their misdeeds.

Attempts of foreigners to write English are often amusing. In the following letter recently received by a New York trade journal from a South American inquirer, the genders seem to have been one of the unsolved difficulties encountered:

> I beg please excuse me if I permit me call your attention. Reading in a Chilian review, I have had the pleasure to find me with an article where it does reference to your magazine. In spite, than I don't know your publication, it has interested me, and should have very pleasure to subscribe me to her. Therefore I request, Sirs, please tell me the terms of your magazine, and it possible, should thank please send me together a copy to know him firstly.
>
> Awaiting the pleasure of your esteemed reply, I am, Sirs,
>
> Yours very truly,

The "Scalper" offers this skit on a prevailing fashion:

> He told the shy maid of his love,
> The color left her cheeks;
> But on the shoulder of his coat
> It showed for several weeks.

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A modern health resort, delightful in autumn. Let us send you our booklet. D. E. DRAKE, M.D.

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WANTED — Working housekeeper for elderly lady during summer. Pleasant country; college town. Miss Margaret C. Waites, South Hadley Center, Mass.

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Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

TEACHERS WANTED for colleges, public and private schools—all sections country (some foreign openings). Walter Agnew, 125 Amsterdam Ave., New York.

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YOUNG woman with special training as executive secretary desires position which will include some travel. Accounting and office management a specialty. Would consider school or camp position. Would go abroad as foreign representative of an American firm. 9,463, Outlook.

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HOUSEKEEPER—Reliable, educated, experienced manageress for private home, hotel. American, French cooking, etc. 9,457, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper, hotel or club. Superintendent of institution or school. Highest references. 9,461, Outlook.

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WANTED—Position as child's governess or traveling companion, beginning with summer months, by experienced young lady. Helene Dubbink, 188 W. 15th St., Holland, Mich.

GRADUATE nurse, entirely without relatives, refined, quiet disposition, desires position as companion to couple or gentleman. Will travel. Finest credentials. 9,465, Outlook.

EDUCATED Christian gentlewoman desires position as companion to lady in refined home. Best references. 9,462, Outlook.

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Teachers and Governesses

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MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Address F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

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